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AND SO IT ENDS.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.
BY NICHOLAS NILES.

HUS it ends. Perhaps 'tis best
Forever thus to part.
I fancied once that in your breast
There beat a truer heart.

I fancied—but what matters now
The dreams of those old days?
What matters that your broken vow
My burning love betrays?

cannot think 'twas yesterday.
It seems so long ago,
That after you I went astray,
Whose witching smile is woe.

Love's story always bears one stamp;
'Tis magic, magic all,
From boy Aladdin's copper lamp
Unto his kingly hall.

hrough Wonderland no more I tread;
Love's sorcery is flown;
n lonely paths I walk instead,
Where peace is all unknown.

One little, bitter, biting word,
And all is at an end—
The lover whom you once preferred
You ask to be a "friend."

What hollow mockery is this!
How cold would friendship be
Where mighty Love's impassioned kiss
Still burns in memory!

Since first I knew our love was dead,
Years, ages, have gone by;
Old stars are gone, and new instead
Now twinkle in the sky.

When I am gone and years are gray
You'll fancy my return,
And for the old, delightful day
Your lonely heart will yearn.

At least a memory I may save,
And think but tenderly
On that dear sweetness in the grave—
My shrine that used to be.

O faultless face! O soul-lit eyes!
O heart once tender, true!
A weary world of shadows lies
Between this hour and you.

And still the image of your youth
Will haunt me night and day.
You were—a dream more fair than truth;
You are—but common clay!

REAH,
OR A LIFE FOR A LOVE.

A Story of Friendship Betrayed, Retribution and Love.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LILY MELVILLE," "CHRISTMAS BEFORE AND BEHIND THE CURTAIN," ETC.

CHAPTER VII.

Where's that palace whereunto foul things
Sometimes intrude not?—SHAKESPEARE.

If Lady Constance felt any pain at the sharp, bitter words with which the Baron left her, it was, like all other undignified emotions, carefully kept hidden within her breast. It was against the tenets of the order to which she belonged to show the pain of a wound or the delight of a gratified passion. Lady Constance Tremaine was patrician to the core. So the Baron strode out onto the terrace with his thrust unparried or unreturned, and Lady Constance rose languidly and retired to her boudoir.

If Adrien Leroy, the prince of the fashionable world and the heir to all Barminster, was near at hand, it behooved her to look her best, that she might, as the Baron had bidden her, win the heart as well as work the jacket.

Lady Constance, beautiful as a hothouse-flower at all times, could, if she liked, make herself passingly lovely—a thing to strike astonishment into the hearts of beholders, and call up visions in their eyes of the mystic-tinted beauties of the Lelys in the Leroy galleries.

Her maid, a French woman, who had tired imperial forms, understood the half-bend of the queenly head, when her mistress said, in the low but courteous accents with which she addressed her inferiors:

"Mathilde, Mr. Adrien arrives to-day."

"Yes, milady," responded the maid, and glided towards the dressing-room.

But now faint clouds of dust rose from the roads that, like serpents, twined towards the castle, the clouds grew larger and larger, and soon, amidst a stir of retainers, Adrien Leroy's courier dashed up to the gates at the court-yard, and, in accordance with the time-honored custom, still upheld and rigidly enforced by my lord the Baron, blew the brazen horn that swung by a steel chain against the heavy portals.

With a clang, the porters threw open the gates, and the courier, an important gentleman, who had preceded his young lord through half the towns in the civilized world, proclaimed that his master's carriage was on the way.

Instantly, although the bustle of preparation had been going on unremittingly since the moment the Baron had announced the news, a confused host of men-servants rushed to and fro for a moment, then settled into seeming order, ready to seize bridle or reins, packages, and portmanteaus.

"My young lord," as Adrien Leroy was always called by the people, in defiance of Burke and the order of precedence—"my young lord is well?" asked the porter, a white-haired servitor of the courtyard.

The courier bowed with gracious condescension.

"Quite, and handsome as ever. Ah, monsieur," to the Baron's valet, who appeared at the door, followed by a second, bearing the Baron's clothes, which the valet was too great to carry himself, "the compliments of the morning. My lord the Baron is well?"

"I thank you, yes," replied the Frenchman, between whom and the German courier there was eternal enmity. "And so my young lord is on the road? On wheels or saddle?"

"Saddle," returned the courier. "But the carriage accompanies him. The blue suite, I presume."

The Frenchman shrugged his shoulders.

He was not groom of the chambers, nor major-domo, he retorted sententiously, and away bounded the German to find some other official and ascertain where his lord was to be located.

Half an hour afterwards the clouds of dust resolved themselves into half a dozen gentlemen on horseback, as many grooms, and a traveling-carriage, bringing up the rear at a distance of a quarter of a mile.

Lady Constance saw the cavalcade, and, waiting till the rich-toned voice was within hearing, stepped from her room onto the balcony, and leaned over with a witching smile as, with a clatter and a clanging of the horn, Adrien and his friends swept into the court-yard below.

The gentlemen's hats flew off as if by magic, and Adrien Leroy, moving his horse forward, looked up, still hat in hand, and with his courtly smile said:

"We thought we had left the sun behind us, sweet cousin, but she is still overhead."

She looked down upon him with an increase of sweetness in the smile, and raised a flower to her lips.

"That's a Persian compliment, Adrien; the East has spoiled you. Have you enjoyed your ride?"

"Not half so much as the welcome," he murmured back, catching the flower which she let drop, and raising it to his lips.

She smiled again, and turned her eyes with her leisurely serene grace to the others, who, still uncovered, waited for the boon of a word.

"Ah, my lord, I did not know you were coming, but"—as the Marquis' face dropped—"unexpected pleasures are sweet as rain in August. What a beautiful horse! Your new purchase? Mr. Pomfrey, I have read your book—and like it."

The celebrated author bowed to the saddle.

"Duke—it is too far to shake hands—you cannot reach."

And she slid one dainty hand to the Duke, who, riding up, retorted with true French gayety:

"No mortal man can reach so far," and bent under the hand as if to receive its benediction.

Lady Constance smiled and drew back.

"All further courtesies and compliments on an equal platform," she said, nodding her adieu, and the gentlemen, laughing and chatting, sprang from their saddles, and passed under the porched entrance into the castle.

Leaning on the Duke's arm, Adrien passed up the great hall, lined by its faithful and obsequious servants, into the grand reception-room, where, in the mediæval fireplaces, great fires blazed and sparkled on the steel dog-irons, which still held their own in Barminster Castle against all modern innovations in the shape of register-stoves or grates.

The room was empty, but, before all had passed in, the silken curtains of one of the entrances were pushed aside, and the mighty Baron entered.

He was still in his loose velvet dressing-gown, and, as he strode forward over the mosaic floor, looked like a Doge of ancient Venice. His stern face softened into a welcome, and his long, thin hand was extended as the Duke came forward to meet him.

"Ah, Duke, so you keep my boy company; and you, Marquis! Gentlemen, you are welcome—no need to remind you of that, I know. Adrien," and he turned with face stern again, but courteous, "you have had a fine day. Ride or drive?"

"Ride, sir," answered Adrien, his voice sounding like a sweeter, softer echo of the old man's rich, deep and somewhat grim tones.

"The roads are in good order, eh, Duke? But a change still from the tan of the park.

"Of which, for my part, I am heartily weary," said the Duke. "Give me nature without a corset."

"And that you will get at Barminster," said the Baron with a smile. "We are all nature, Marquis—rugged, rough-handed nature, but true."

As he spoke he glanced again at Adrien, as if his thoughts had strayed. Then, with a start, he passed from his side, and in his haughty but thoroughly courtly style welcomed the remaining guests. As his hand took the last, Anchester Pomfrey's, he looked down the room, back at Adrien, and gave vent to an unmistakable sigh of relief. Adrien Leroy, almost as if in response to it, said:

"Well, we are hungry. Too early for your luncheon, sir?"

"It is set in the south corridor," said the Baron; then, turning to the Duke with the easy bearing of an equal in rank, but a superior in years, he added: "I am an old man, and the fleshpots of Egypt have little charm for me; your younger days should still find comfort in baked meats. Go and demolish them. I'll to my prayers, as Hamlet says—or should have said."

And, with a slight bend and a parting smile, he strode through the curtained doorway. Adrien Leroy and his guests strolled up the long hall, and, by way of a few marble steps flanked by the heraldic stags bearing a coronet, into the south corridor. Here a magnificent luncheon had been laid, and Lady Penelope and Lady Constance were awaiting them. Bowing over the elder lady's hand while his friends clustered round the younger, Adrien, in the low, half-weary tone habitual with him, murmured the usual salutations, and sank into the seat at the head of the table. Lady Constance sat beside her aunt, but within reach of the young lord, and within sight. Half a dozen servitors stood at a respectful distance waiting with watchful eyes for some chance gesture to imply a wish which they might gratify.

The meal—if meal it could be called—commenced, and for a few minutes silence profound dropped upon all; then Adrien, setting down his glass, said with his low, light laugh:

"I was really hungry. Lady Constance, there is a witchery in Barminster air."

"Or rather in its sweet lady's presence," said the gallant Duke.

"I do not know what appetite is without these walls," added Adrien.

"And yet so seldom here," said Lady Constance, glancing down at her plate, stained only by a few grapes.

"'Business and the cares of state,' " quoted Adrien with his rare smile. "But I might retaliate: you seldom leave them. Why does the Court miss its rarest pearl, sweet coz?"

"Does it miss it?" she said with a smile of incredulity. "Scarcely, when the casket overbrims always. But, come, you are to tell us all about the race. Are you going to win it? Aunt is dying to know. Are you not?"

And she turned to Lady Penelope, who made her usual answer:

"Yes, my love."

"Oh, Adrien always wins," said the Marquis. "That is a matter of course. But you have seen the King last, Lady Constance, surely?"

"Oh, yes," she replied. "He is exercised on the lawn before my window every morning, and receives due admiration. He is a fine fellow, and in what you gentlemen call 'fine form.'"

Adrien smiled.

"Poor King Cole; to-morrow he runs for his dynasty. By the way, Ireton, are any of the other horses down?"

"Yes," said Ireton. "A lot my man saw at the station."

"The rough-legged screw among them, I suppose," said the Duke.

"No," said Chudleigh. "He was not. My man remarked his absence."

"Perhaps the owner has learnt wisdom and withdrawn him," said Adrien.

"It is to be hoped so, for his own sake," laughed the Marquis.

The topic so lightly touched led off to townews, of which Pomfrey had a budget, which, in true literary style he unfolded delightfully.

Amongst a peal of well-bred laughter the ladies rose, and the gentlemen hastened to draw back the curtain for them to pass.

"In half an hour, then," said Lady Constance, looking back at Adrien, and referring to a ride he had begged of her.

"In half an hour," he said, inclining his head, and then passed into the hall.

The gentlemen, still standing, sipped their last draughts of wine, and planned out the remainder of the day. It was Liberty Hall at Barminster Castle, neither guests nor host dragged upon one another, and all programmes were unfettered. While they talked Adrien strode to the window.

"By Jove! I had forgotten Jasper," he said with a slight elevation of his straight eyelids. "Here he is, stepping out of the carriage like a Roman emperor in tweeds."

He nodded with a short smile to Mr. Vermont, as, surrounded by servants who seemed anxious to carry him bodily into the hall, so eager were they to serve him, he pushed them aside, and with his amiable smile strolled into the reception-room.

As he entered at one end the Baron pushed the curtains aside at the other, and, seeing him, stopped in his stride and stood dark and statuesque, apparently unconscious of his son and his guests, who were looking on from the entrance to the corridor.

The cloud was dark on the Baron's brow, for the absence of Mr. Vermont from the party had raised the hope in his mind that his son had left the "adventurer" in London. It was a rude shock, and one that intensified the hatred the old man felt for the smiling plebeian to find that hope dispelled.

Mr. Jasper saw the cloud, but his smile did not lose a tittle of its amiability; his step, soft and assured, never slackened or quickened, as, approaching with well-feigned if not genuine ease, he bowed before the tall, princely figure.

"Good-morning, my lord. I trust I see you in perfect health."

The Baron struggled to forget all but the duties of a host, bent his white head, and extended his hand grimly.

"You do, sir. I am in good health. You, I fear, are an invalid?"

And he turned his sharp eyes with a bitter smile towards the close carriage from which the dainty Mr. Vermont had just alighted.

"No, my lord; quite well, I thank you," he replied, as if perfectly unconscious of the irony. "But I have acquired some wisdom in my journey through life; enough to teach me that all other journeys—nay, that included—should be taken as comfortably as possible. I prefer the ease of the cushion to the discomfort of the saddle, and the clean though confined air of a traveling-carriage to an atmosphere of dust. Am I not right?"

"Perfectly, no doubt. Mr. Vermont should know what suits his peculiar constitution best," said the Baron, adding, with the smile which always made his thrust more bitter: "Different bloods require different treatment, I presume."

Mr. Vermont smiled, and as he passed on to the corridor muttered, perhaps not inaudibly:

"Your lordship does indeed presume."

Then, as the Baron, with lowered brows, strode away, Mr. Jasper tripped on in his soft, easy fashion, and laughingly sat himself at the luncheon-table.

"What an amusing dog that Norgate of yours is, Adrien," he said. "He took the spare hack down, and I have had the greatest treat in the world gazing at his miseries. The fellow has no more idea of a horse than a Venetian; he'll be sore for a week, and the animal has ruined his new suit."

Then, amidst the laughter of the aristocrats, who, however much they hated him, never refused to be amused by him, Mr. Jasper drew an inimitable picture of the luckless valet, and mimicked his contortions and mishaps with the supreme art of a comedian.

Adrien had passed out in the middle of the sketch, and, with a cigar between his lips, sauntered into the courtyard, and thence to the stables. The grooms and keepers flew about, tugging at their forelocks, and one was dispatched for the head groom, who made his appearance, struggling into his coat and coughing with embarrassed respect. His master nodded.

"Good-morning, Markham. Where is the King?"

"In the south stable, my lord," replied the man, fumbling in his pocket for the keys. "Would your lordship like to see him?"

Adrien nodded and strode off to the stables, the groom following him. As the man inserted the key in the lock, Adrien said:

"No one has the entree of the stable but yourself, Markham?"

"No one, my lord. I'm always here when he's being fed or tended. Not a soul touches him without I'm at his side. He's in fine condition, my lord—I never saw him better."

Adrien passed in, and laid his hand upon the silky coat of his great racehorse. The dainty creature pricked up its finely-pointed ears, and turned to its lord and master with a whinny of delight.

"He does look well," admitted Adrien. "Has he had his gallop this morning?"

"Yes, my lord; but would you like to see him across the paddock?"

"Yes," said Adrien. "By the way, who rides him to-morrow?"

"Peacock, my lord."

"Ah, the new jockey," said Adrien.

"Yes; Mr. Jasper's lad," said the groom.

"A good seat?" asked Adrien.

"Capital! never saw better, my lord, and weighs nothing. I'll send for him, my lord, if you would like to see him.

"Do," said Adrien.

And Mr. Markham, setting a whistle in his mouth, produced, as if by magic, half a dozen stable-helps from the yard.

"Tell Mr. Peacock his lordship wishes to see him," said Mr. Markham.

And away started the boys.

In a few minutes, during which the head groom led the precious King into the yard and saddled him, the jockey arrived.

Mr. Markham had called him a lad, but in truth he was a middle-aged man with the stunted stature of a boy—an odd face and figure to look at, and scarcely one to admire; for nature, not satisfied with robbing him of manhood's strength and stature, had defrauded him of every pretension to comeliness of feature. Adrien looked him over critically.

"You ride the King to-morrow?" he asked.

"I do, my lord," replied the dwarf.

"Take him round the paddock," said Adrien.

And the jockey, throwing off the thick coat by means of which, in addition to three large woolen comforters, he retained his skeleton condition, sprang into the saddle, and, keeping a tight rein on the tender mouth, took the racer to the long strip of meadow-land.

Adrien stood with his arms folded, but with a glow of pride in his dark eyes, watching the birdlike flight of the superb animal, as, almost unencumbered by the feather-weight on his back, he sped round the paddock, and returned fresh and lightly to the starting-point. Adrien nodded, and the jockey dropped from his saddle.

"You will do," said his master; "ride like that to-morrow, and we shall win. There is claret-money for you—no beer, mind."

And, as he turned away, he held out a ten-pound note to him. The jockey stared at the note for a moment, then, crouching almost like a dog, he came forward and took it by its extreme edge. Adrien smiled.

"Don't be afraid, man; one would think you expected a blow."

The man started, took the note, and, with three tugs at his forehead, turned to the heap of coats and neckcloths. Adrien walked away, but, happening to glance back at Markham, who was re-covering the King, saw that the withered morsel of humanity, with one arm in his greatcoat, was still gazing after him with the same curious stare.

"These poor creatures sweat their brains away as well as their flesh," he thought, adding lightly: "Foolish to give him anything till after the race. I must tell Markham to see he doesn't get drunk to-night, or the King will get away and run wild."

In the courtyard Lady Constance's Arabian and his own hunter were being walked, ready saddled. As he turned in, her ladyship emerged from the arched entrance.

Lady Constance had been blessed by nature with a fine figure. Art, as represented by French modistes and German tailors, had put the extreme finishing touch. The results were that Lady Constance Tremaine, whether in court-silks or blue riding-habit, was that thing of beauty which is a joy forever in the minds of those who have once seen it. Beautiful as a fashionable Venus she looked, with her gathered skirts of her habit in her perfectly-gloved hands, and another besides Adrien Leroy was sensible of her divine loveliness.

That other was Mr. Jasper Vermont, who, with that powerful tact which procured him access to all, elected himself as chief slave to her ladyship, and, whenever he was at Barminster Castle, in some inexplicable way constituted himself as her fetch-and-carry and most obedient creature.

Now it was he who passed the inspecting hand over the saddle and looked to the girths. It was he of all the rest who, as Adrien took her tiny foot to help her to the saddle, recovered the handkerchief which she had dropped from her hand. It was he who, at the last moment, adjusted the bridle, and it was he who bowed lowest and smiled sweetest as, with a rear and a clatter of polished hoofs, the horses started off, followed by Lady Constance's sedate groom.

CHAPTER VIII.

What is friendship but a name,
A charm that lulls to sleep,
A shade that follows wealth or fame,
And leaves the wretch to weep?—GOLDSMITH.

The dinner-hour at the castle was eight. At five, as it commenced to grow dusk, Adrien and Lady Constance dashed into the court-yard. The groom, well mounted as he was, panted a mile away.

On Lady Constance's face there sat a smile serene and satisfied—a smile vivid enough to show her pearly teeth and lend a gleam of color to her cheeks. On Adrien Leroy's there lingered, almost brooded, that air of languid weariness which not even the excitement of a gallop with so beautiful a woman as his companion could banish. Leaping from his saddle, he stood bareheaded at her barb's side, and with a turn of his steely muscles swung her to the ground. As he did so, her own eyes caught the faint weariness, and the smile deepened—in another woman whose emotions were less in check, it would have vanished.

"We meet you at dinner," she said. "Until then adieu."

"Adieu!" he returned, bowing low.

And she glided into the hall, murmuring inaudibly:

"Does he love me, or does he not?"

Adrien went straight to his apartments, which consisted of a magnificent suite, provided with a separate and private staircase and a detached set of servants. Norgate, who knew how to interpret each varying shade of his lord's face, just glanced at it, and then stole away to prepare the midday bath. Adrien Leroy, with all his strength, great powers of endurance, and nobility of manhood, was an extreme Sybarite. If life were to consist of one long rest on beds of rose-leaves, for him the perfumed couch must have no creases. He was thorough even in his luxuries; his habits were as softly planned as those of a Sultan; all that modern art could do to elevate luxury to a perfected science was enlisted on his behalf; and yet the world of fashion, which so adored him, never applied the title of dandy to him. He was something more—a man so earnest that, even in the matter of doing nothing, he would, as Mortimer once said, "Do it well, or leave it undone."

So his bath was prepared, and he enjoyed it; after which he lay wrapped in elderdown toilet-robes, smoking from his Eastern narghille. Then, when the shade of weariness had given place to a serene and placid gravity, Norgate was summoned, and the regulation evening-dress was donned.

At eight the great gong sounded through every corridor of the immense place. Norgate stood, with the dinner-carte in one hand, his lord's handkerchief in the other. Adrien glanced at the carte carelessly; then, returning it, prepared to descend.

"Where does my lord the Baron dine?" he asked.

"In his private rooms, sir," replied Norgate.

Dinner was served in regal magnificence in the small Veronese chamber, as it was called from the walls being partially covered with gems by that great master. Conversation ran principally upon the race of the morrow, Lady Constance displaying almost a mild enthusiasm, and confessing that she had backed the King for a thousand pounds, which, she added, the Baron had given her for the purpose. Adrien looked slightly pleased, Mr. Vermont smiled amiably.

"What a business man would call a good investment, Lady Tremaine. The King is safe to win. Has the Baron backed him heavily, do you know?"

"Yes; but oh, that's a secret!" and her ladyship smiled. "He is proud of the horse, you know."

Mr. Jasper smiled still more.

"The King will carry more than his own weight of gold to-morrow," he said; then glided from the subject to an account of the Countess Eveline's ball, lending it an interest derivable entirely from the piquant style of the narration, and with a thousand artistic touches amusing her ladyship to the extent of an encomium on his powers as a reporter.

"You have eyes like that queer insect, Mr. Vermont, in the back of your head, surely; or do you mount on invisible wings to the chandeliers, and take a bird's-eye view?"

Mr. Vermont laughed.

"Some have eyes and some have not," he said, showing his even teeth.

"Do you know," said Lady Constance, turning to the Duke, who had preserved a regal silence during the progress of his favorite courses, "Lady Penelope has been besieging the Baron during the last two months, and has, I think, nearly carried the citadel."

"Ah! and what is the motive of the attack?" said the Duke, putting down the fork, and deciding to lose the last morsel for beauty's sake. "Does she want to cut down the shrubbery, lay out the deer park into a Dutch landscape garden, or a body of artillery to fire salutes morning and evening from the battlements?"

"As they did for six weeks against the crop-heads in his majesty's time," said Lady Constance, bowing her head slightly, as was the custom with all the Leroys when a martyr's name was spoken. "No, neither of these; but Lady Penelope wants a bal-masque in the great saloon. You have seen it; it is in the east wing. Adrien, if you would add your word, we should get it; won't you do so?"

Adrien roused himself. He had been sitting within a few feet, and yet heard not a word.

Lady Constance repeated herself.

"A bal-masque," he said dreamily. "Yes, an excellent idea; but, if the Baron has refused you, it is scarcely likely that he will yield to me. Why will not Park House do for you, Lady Penelope? I hand it over to you from cellar to garret, with absolute authority. Nay, more; I will bind myself your faithful slave till all the arrangements are made."

Lady Penelope laughed:

"No; Park House is too modern, and, excuse me, too common. Princely cavaliers and royalists would be out of place within walls that had never inclosed anything more romantic than the modern sable costumes. Here in Barminster Castle the scene would be but a resurrection—a reflection of the reality. Remember that kings and princes of the blood have trod the boards of the saloon times without number, and that these walls are to the manner born of all that is romantic and noble. No; here in the grand saloon, or nowhere."

Adrien bowed.

"So be it," he said; "I will do my best. If the Baron be inexorable, I'll treasure up your words, and slay his obstinacy with their eloquence."

Lady Penelope rose.

"Not mine," she said, smiling at her beautiful niece, "but Constance's. I but repeated word for word her onslaught on the Baron."

Adrien opened the door for them to pass out, and returned to his seat with something like a sigh. None noticed it save Jasper Vermont, and he, while he mused: "What is on him now, I wonder?" said gayly:

"Come, Adrien, this Burgundy has passed you twice. Such wine, too. Ah, when this has gone and its like, what will become of us? Away with Ninevah, down with dynasties, but save us these old nectars, and fate may do what it pleases."

Adrien smiled.

"Jasper, you are a butterfly," he said.

"And what is better?" retorted the wit. "Is life worth having when the flowers are gone? Who would desire more? Beauty on the wings, ambrosial essence on the palate, and—puff!—forgetfulness, sleep, when the Summer has gone. Never despise the butterflies; but, if you have more scorn than you can conveniently carry, give it to the bee and the ant, than whom the world holds no greater fools. Fill me again, sirrah. Now, listen; here is the last piece of scandal, Duke," and he leant over with a slight glitter in his small eyes. "You all know Montgarret—poor old ant—how many thousands have been wrung away from his deep, dark mines, to and fro, like the indefatigable, miserable insect he is! Lady Montgarret, the fair flower of the day, how beautiful, how serene! What a partner to rejoice the heart of our amiable mole. He marries her! Poor ant! On the wings of the Summer breeze comes the despised butterfly little Gerald Fitzroy. Presto! he spies the poor ant's flower, covets, and—presto! robs the wiser insect of its treasure. Now, mark you the contrast between folly and wisdom. The ant—that Solomon of industry—takes the loss of his flower to heart, and dies of a rupture of that eccentric organ. The butterfly—whom you despise, my dear Adrien—sips the nectar from his ill-gotten flower till the taste palls, then flies to fresh fields and pastures new!"

Soft and pleasing as was the voice, poetically rendered as was the fable, the listeners could not suppress a shudder. All save Adrien, who, with a grim sternness, said as he rose:

"Change your types, Jasper, from butterfly to snake, and from ant to man, and give us another sequel. Who sucked the nectar from flower of mine should find death at the bottom of his draught."

Jasper laughed silently.

"Ah, how brave! What energy, what courage, is wasted in these modern times! You should have lived in the age of that noble ancestor of yours, who stands in the hall—or his armor, at least—sword in hand, always ready for a blow. Hah! hah! By the way, Marquis, Pomfrey can tell you a good story anent faithful wives. What is it, Pomfrey?"

"Oh," said the author, laughing, "that little girl Lord Noblechild married ran away with Charley Jukes of the Guards. When his lordship heard it he sent her ladyship's wardrobe and jewels after them, with his compliments to Mr. Jukes, and her ladyship would ruin him quite fast enough even with the stock in hand."

This characteristic anecdote meeting with the proper amount of laughter, the gentlemen adjourned to the silver drawing-room. This one of the half-dozen small saloons in Barminster Castle was decorated *a la Watteau*, but exclusively in blue and silver. Lady Constance's dress, to match, was of the faintest tint of azure, with Etruscan silver ornaments sparkling in its rich folds. Blue suited her shell-like complexion, and to-night she looked her best.

Adrien had a passion for music, and possessed a splendid mellow voice, which not one out of a hundred of his friends had ever heard in melody. He was a master of the piano, organ and guitar, but, save in the hours of solitude, touched neither. To-night he sank into one of the dainty satin lounges, and gave himself up to supreme indolence. The talk went on around him. Mr. Jasper's voice, soft and silky, with a general laugh following its close; Lady Constance's, mellow and patrician; the Duke's, rolling and full of abrupt turns, lulled him into perfect rest, from which he roused himself to beg a song from Lady Constance.

"Yes, and you shall choose."

Adrien rose and turned the music.

"Sing what you please," he said, "or this old ballad."

"Why?" she said. "Do you like it? It is so sad."

"What is it called?" asked Mr. Jasper Vermont, gliding to the piano.

"'False Friends,'" replied Lady Constance.

"Pray let us have that," returned Mr. Jasper amiably.

And Lady Constance seated herself at the instrument.

Mr. Jasper declared he was devoted to music; and no doubt he was, to judge from the enthusiastic applause with which he received the last notes.

"So sweet, so plaintive, and so true; the words are as good as the music. Let me see, what is the last verse?—

"Bitter as the snow in June,
More bitter than all things else,
To find, more changeful than the moon,
Your bosom friend so false."

Then, surrounded by admirers, the beautiful songstress sang again song after song.

Mr. Jasper sat a little apart, gazing through a gap in the curtains at that moon which had been so convenient as a subject of comparison to the false friend, and listening with all his ears. Sometimes he turned his sleek face, and looked long and with drooped eyelids at the exquisite profile of the singer. At the end of each long, curious glance his eyes would drop on the full-length figure of Adrien Leroy, his friend, stretched in graceful, languid repose. Then he would return to the contemplation of the moon with an expression on his face worthy of the Sphinx.

At last Lady Constance would sing no more, and suddenly turned off the attack upon Adrien.

"Will you not sing one for us, only a little one? Do not be ungracious."

He hesitated for a moment, then rose with that old gesture, as if dashing off his weariness with a shake of the whole frame, and seated himself. For a few minutes his long white hands strayed over the piano dreamily; then, in a voice whose richness seized upon the heart with marvelous power, sang two short verses:

"A boy sat in an orchard sweet,
The moon wrapped night in light,
But from his aching, searching feet
Love took flight.

"A man sought all the world afar
In darkness and the hot sun's light;
But never nearer hope's bright star
Love took flight."

In the pause of silence which reigned between the last two words and the amazed applause, Mr. Jasper stood behind the curtains, opened the window, and slid out on the terrace. There he fell against the heavy stone balustrade, as if he were fainting, tugging at his immaculate neckcloth, his pale, flaccid face turned up to the moon.

"Heaven! I can't endure it!" he breathed. "His beauty kills me! The sweetness of his voice maddens me! Confound him, how I hate him!"

Mr. Jasper was too indisposed, he explained the next morning at breakfast, to re-enter and say good-night. But he was not too indisposed to steal from his room, glide noiselessly down the grand staircase, and drop lightly as a feather from a casement onto the terrace, and thence set off at a hard pace through the plantations. At the end of these stood a little cottage, attached to the straw-yard, set apart for any of the sick cattle. At the door of this cottage Mr. Jasper Vermont listened attentively; then, without a word of warning, lifted the latch and entered. A dim light flickered from a stable candlestick, and by that Mr. Jasper made his way to a corner of the room, where, upon a small bedstead, lay what looked like a misshapen lad. On touching this with his foot, Mr. Jasper elicited a growl, and by means of another kick succeeded in rousing Mr. Peacock the jockey from his virtuous slumber. The little monkey face crinkled in true imp fashion as the bleared eyes saw who the midnight visitor was, and the voice which had so huskily responded to Adrien in the morning more huskily now said:

"Well?"

"Short and polite; wake up!" retorted Mr. Jasper, kicking him again. "Did I not tell you I should be here at twelve, eh, you imp of darkness?"

"You did, guv'nor," sullenly replied Mr. Peacock.

"Well, and here I am. You're not drunk, are you? Here, show me your face," and with a cruel grin the soft and amiable Mr. Jasper seized the shrunken cheek of the dwarfed jockey, and dragged him by the novel handle like a log of wood to the light. "No, not drunk, but a good way on. Now, then, you're sober enough to know what I say and what I mean. You know what you've got to do to-morrow, eh?"

The creature nodded sulkily.

"Tighten and choke him off at the last hurdle. That's it; and mind you do it neatly, too—no clumsy journeyman work, but clean and off-hand. You can do it, you know; it won't be the first little affair you've sold, eh? You sold one too many, though, didn't you? and you know what I'll do if you don't work this as it should be done, don't you?"

The man nodded again.

"All right, guv'nor," he muttered. "Don't cut up rough. Everything's square, aint it?"

"I hope it is," said Mr. Jasper, eyeing him, "or you'll be picking oakum, or whatever legal employment is the fashion at Millbank, before to-morrow night. What's the matter with you?" he asked, still scrutinizing the fellow by the same means, namely, the skin of his cheek. "You look all over the sea. What's the matter, eh?" and he tightened his grasp.

The man looked down, then up at the cruel face of his tormentor.

"I've seen him, guv'nor," he said huskily.

"Him! Whom, you idiot?" rejoined Mr. Jasper.

"Him as we're to sell," replied the man, blinking remorsefully at the candle, and apparently indifferent to the agony which Mr. Jasper was so playfully inflicting with his fat, cruel fingers.

"Oh, and what if you have, you gallows-bird—what if you have?"

"He give me a ten-pun note," said the man, as if to himself. "And he spoke clear and soft-like—clear and soft, kindly-like." Then, suddenly wrenching his cheek from Mr. Jasper's grasp, he turned his bleared eyes on him savagely. "Leave go my cheek, will yer? It's a darned shame to sell him, and I won't."

Mr. Jasper raised his little fat hand, and knocked the diminutive form to the ground as a butcher fells an ox; then, springing on to his chest, raised his fist again. The jockey put up his hand imploringly, and ground out from his parched throat:

'Guv'nor, guv'nor, what are you goin' to do?"

"Kill you, you cur!" snapped Mr. Jasper. "Do you think I'd let you live till the morning to split? Ha! ha!"

The fist poised itself in the air. The jockey winced.

"Stop, stop!" he croaked. "I'll do it."

TO BE CONTINUED.

"REAH."—As Jasper Vermont entered at one end, the Baron pushed the curtains aside at the other, and, seeing him, stopped in his stride and stood dark and statuesque.

FRY AND BOIL IN A STEW.—Mr. Fry set out to marry Miss Boil in Amherst, Mass. Their names are fairly indicative of the difficulties they encountered. Her father opposed the match, and she went to a family in which her sister lived. That sister, being also in love with Mr. Fry, locked her in a room, and she only escaped by jumping from the window at night. A clergyman, called on suddenly to perform the ceremony, read the baptismal service half through before the error was discovered. The delay gave time for the father to arrive and forbid the marriage. The couple were united, however, and their final trouble came from the grooms' creditors, who seized his baggage.

ROSY O'MORE.—A lady of this city several years ago heard a famous singer in the familiar song of "Rory O'More," the first two lines of which are:

It was Rory O'More courted Kathleen O'Bawn;
He was bold as a hawk, and she soft as the dawn.

Much impressed, she went home and sang it from memory, never having seen the music, and it is said to be an actual fact that for seven years she sang the second line, "He pouliced a heart, and she swallowed it down," before she discovered her mistake.—*Springfield Republican.*

HARVEST DAYS.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

The harvest days are fairly here,
The wheat is ripe and yellow,
Comes round the season of the year
With harvest-apples mellow.
The harvest sheaves we cut and bind
Shall hold a hidden meaning;
Each boy a modern Ruth shall find,
To follow with her gleaning.

There's laughter in the happy fields,
Within the sun glare binding;
The teeming earth abundance yields
Unto the toiler's binding;
It ripples in the rustling corn,
With music running over,
At shady eve, and in the morn,
A past the late mown clover.

What need the boy or girl to care
For Fortune, false and fickle,
When he can cut, and she can share,
Earth's riches with the sickle?
He works, she talks, and does her part
The sun is westward creeping;
They sow with most unartful art,
The seed for future reaping.

Ah! life is full of harvest days,
Of headed grain, and growing,
We cut its wheat and bind its maize
When we have finished mowing;
And little need we heed, forsooth,
Its dark, inconstant weather,
If only harvester and Ruth
May share the fields together.

E. NORMAN GUNNISON.

"THUNDER AND LIGHTNING."

Why Brother Henry Ward Didn't Become a First-class Sporting Man.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

In and around Peekskill and White Mountain there was said to be very nice places to "go a-fishing" and "shooting," and, though our dearly beloved Brother Henry had often proved himself an expert in the former, yet he has never but once attempted to become efficient in the latter style of amusement, and that *once* saved him. And it happened thus:

Henry had read and heard a great deal about "long-range" and "short-range," and, though he had some slight knowledge of a pistol, yet he had never devoted much of his study to double-barreled shot-guns. He liked game, however, and thought he would also like to taste some of his own shooting.

Brother Wheeler, who is a jolly old farmer in the neighborhood where Henry selected his sporting ground, had a very fine gun; but as Brother Wheeler was rather nervous and weak in the hands, while his gun was a little more frisky than a lively, kicking mule, he only allowed it to be lashed firmly along the rail of an old oaken bedstead, by way of a secure "rest," and to keep it from kicking him over when he fired it. Brother Henry Ward heard that Brother Wheeler possessed this fine gun, and went for it.

"Certainly," said Brother W—, "you are welcome to the loan of my gun; but you will have to take the half of an old bedstead along with it, for it kicks like a mule when it goes off, if you don't know how to hold it."

"Well," replied Brother Henry, smiling, "you certainly ought to know how to handle your own gun best, and, as I have no desire to have my brains kicked out, I'll do as you say."

Soon the old gun and half of a bedstead was handed over to Brother Ward, who quickly shouldered *it* or *them*. He had scrabbled along about a hundred yards from the house with his load, when he chanced to remember that he had heard the name of "powder" and "shot" mentioned in connection with a "gun;" so, leaning the half-bedstead, with the gun lashed along the top of it, gently against a fence on his road, to await his return, he hurried back to Brother Wheeler to inquire whether he did not have to use powder and shot with that gun. Brother Wheeler told him "certainly" again, and gave some of each, but informed him that one of the barrels was already fully charged. Henry bankedh him, and hastened back to where he had left the old bedstead and gun. But the sweet, joyous and sportive smiles that had wreathed his noble brow and curled his voluptuous lips had now vanished on his beholding naught but the part of the old bedstead, to whose top-rail he had left the gun lashed but a moment before. The gun was gone—gone off without kicking or making a noise for once in its life, at any rate. But how and where had it gone?

Brother Ward didn't know, but the reader may be informed that Brother Wheeler's playful little boys had dodged around and secured the gun while Brother Henry had gone in quest of powder and shot, leaving the part of the bedstead leaning against the fence. On their gaining the house in safety again, while Henry had gone on his way rejoicing with the ammunition, they lashed the old gun onto the other part of the bedstead, which was a dead image of the part now on the road, and had it ready to be carried off also should Brother Henry Ward return to announce the loss of the gun.

Henry stood gazing in wonderment at his part of the bedstead leaning against the fence, and no doubt planning how he should get out of having to pay for the lost gun, out of which he had not had the pleasure of even one shot. Then, with a grumble which sounded very much like a bitter curse upon all highway robbers, he shouldered his part of the old bedstead, and wended his sorrowful way back to Brother Wheeler.

"What, Brother Ward! Got through sporting already?" exclaimed Brother Wheeler as he beheld Henry Ward staggering and steaming towards him under the weight

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, JULY 21, 1877.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

No Answers by Mail or Telegraph.

A WARNING.—In our issue of June 23 last appeared the following answer to a correspondent: "W. D., Danville.—They are sending people from here to Australia. Address the British Consul, this city." The meaning of this was merely that some parties unknown to us were furthering emigration from this country to the Australian colonies, and that "W. D." could to be able to get some more information as to the process from the British Consul here. Whereupon someone writes the Consul as follows:

"LOCK HAVEN, Pa., June 27, 1877.

"DEAR SIR: In THE NEW YORK CLIPPER I notice the editor answers a correspondent 'that the *British Government* do furnish *free passages* from this country to Australia. Apply to British Consul, New York City.' Will you please furnish me with all particulars in relation to it, and oblige Yours, respectfully, JOHN D. COX."

The Lock Haven gentleman has curiously garbled THE CLIPPER by the use of quotation-marks; but what he quotes is altogether different from what appeared in this paper. It is news to us that the British Government or anybody else is furnishing free passages anywhere in these pinching times. It is also news to the British Consul, vide his note to us:

"BRITISH CONSULATE-GENERAL,
"NEW YORK, July 13, 1877.

"EDITOR NEW YORK CLIPPER.—*Dear Sir:* With reference to the inclosed, and to numerous similar letters received by me from different part of the U. S.—the inclosed being, however, the only one which quotes your paper as authority for the statement that the British Government furnish free passages from this country to Australia, I shall be obliged if you will be so good as to correct the erroneous impression which is widely prevalent on this subject. The British Government does not furnish free passages from America to Australia. The Government of the Colony of New South Wales has been aiding emigrants of a certain class to proceed thither, by defraying a portion of the cost of their passage. But I have no concern with this matter, and parties desiring information should apply to Messrs. R. W. Cameron & Co., 22 South William street, New York, who alone can furnish the needful particulars. I am, dear sir, yours truly,

"E. M. ARCHIBALD, H. B. M. Consul-general."

J. A., Chester.—It. We are not advised as to the gentleman's wealth. 2. She has either retired or changed her name. 3. She was recently singing in variety halls through the country. 4. Neither "coilseum nor "coliseum," but either "coliseum" or "colosseum. The two words are equivalents. "Coliseum" is the older, and is derived from the Italian "coliseo," while "colosseum" comes from the notion that "colossus," and not "coliseo," should be the root of the derivative. Originally, "coliseum" meant only the amphitheatre of Vespasia. To day it may mean any amphitheatre, any barnyard, or any rigged ship. 4. This is not a real-estate bureau. 5. Only tolerable.

FERGY, Oil City.—When the calling player at poker has once told the called player that the latter's hand is good, nothing remains to be done except for the called player to show the cards he had said he holds. It now makes no difference what the calling player holds, since he has acknowledged that he cannot beat or tie the cards his opponent has announced. The case is not identical with that in which a player mistakenly thinks his hand, which is covered by a special rule—wholly at variance with ethics, however. It is desirable that poker should have grafted upon it no more rules than dominate Sabbath-school.

TONY, Jersey City.—1. B can take in his partner's combination of "five." 2. If D, the said partner, had no five spot in his hand when he combined that "five," A and C win the game then and there. 3. A cheapens a player who has a jump to make cannot evade it by electing to stand the "huff." The option of "huffing" him or of compelling him to jump rests wholly with his opponent. A *must* jump if B says he must.

A SUBSCRIBER, Philadelphia.—W. D. wins. Yon Jan. 18, 1871, when the German Empire was re-established, its area covered 212,459 square miles. This was during the Franco-Prussian war, which is what you probably mean by "the late war." The combined areas of New York State and Pennsylvania amount, in round numbers, to 33,000 square miles.

MRS. M. V. D.—1. Different nationalities in this country have different customs. Among natives, three years for a parent, divided into three different periods. 2. It is not in good taste to wear a watch-and-chain, and other than jet jewelry is not permissible. 3. One year is the period for deep mourning. Black silk, if provided it is craped, can be worn at once and always.

STAKEHOLDER, Washington.—1. You have told us precisely what bet; now tell us precisely what bet it has bet. The latter may have bet that the Chicagos would win two out of three, or merely that the Bostons would not win two out of three. It is not stated which. 2. If the Bostons win two games, it is not material whether the third game is played or not. A will win the bet.

CHAMPAGNE.—Unless it was agreed, first, that straights should be in the game, and, second, that if it was agreed that straights should be played, and yet not agreed as to what they should beat, the money should be drawn out by each. Straights have no fixed value. In many places they will beat three-of-a-kind; in most places they will beat a two-pair only.

E. H. D., Galveston.—"Rosedale" was first acted Sept. 30, 1863, at Wallack's Theatre, this city. When Lawrence Barrett started out as a star, about 1864 or 5, he relied almost entirely upon this piece for his attraction. We have no time to day to search our files to see if it played it two consecutive weeks in Cincinnati or not, although we think he did. We are already supplied.

COVEWAY READER, Rochester.—1. Take running and walking exercise regularly, increasing the distance accordingly as your "wind" improves, and being careful never to fatigue yourself. 2. You fail to mention any distance. 3. Send 25 cents to Ed. James, whose address appears in advertisement for Ed. Price's work on Sparring.

ACKERMAN, Columbus.—A loses the first bet, and also the second, provided that the game was not followed by mutual consent. In that case the bets are void, for the reason that, but for the mutual abandonment, the Buckeyes might have beaten the Tecumsehs, or the latter might have beaten the Buckeyes by two to one.

J. R. MCL., Glasgow.—The field could include the name of the man appointed, provided that the appointment had not been made at the meeting at which the names were entered into. If the appointment had already been made, sweepstakes as to an appointment *to be* made are null and void.

DELMONICO, Omaha.—J. H. Stoddard never performed with Rose Eytinge's Combination. He, however, acted Pierre Michel in "Rose Michel" at the same time that Miss Eytinge played Rose Michel in this city and in Chicago, Ill.; but both were then members of the Union-square Theatre Company.

PAR EXCELLENCE.—1. According to our interpretation of the rule, a player returning to a base on a foul ball not caught cannot be put out in so returning. 2. It is a matter of opinion. Yes. 4. Cannot say what his object is. 5. Norton, Williams, Fletcher, Parker, Fox, Eb. Smith, Studley, Berthrong and Robinson.

SUBSCRIBER, Toronto.—No man members of a club composed of amateurs only, but who occupy the same building as professional oarsmen, and have the benefit of their knowledge and experience, be allowed to row in an amateur regatta? Yes, provided they have done nothing else to render them ineligible.

S. B., St. Louis.—1. The price for instruction in song-and-dance varies so much with different teachers that we cannot satisfactorily answer you. 2. Very slight. There are more song-and-dance performers now than can find lucrative employment. 3. Summer would be the best time.

L. SCOOLER.—The Mississippi River, from its source to the Gulf of Mexico, is 2,900 miles in length; the Missouri, from its source to confluence with the Mississippi, 3,000 miles. These are the figures in Mitchell's Atlas. Other authorities give different figures.

J. SUFFORD, Silverton.—Under the circumstances, it having been carelessness upon the part of the officials having charge of the affair which caused the trouble, the starter did right in calling them back, and the parties refunding to start again had no claim to the prize money.

POKER PARTY.—A "straight" is not a hand at poker unless it is admitted into the game by special agreement. When it is so admitted, the next agreement must be as to whether it shall beat three of a kind, as it is often played, or beat two pair, as it is the oftener played.

S. P.—Mr. Sankey of Moody and Sankey and the ballad-singer known as Frank Leslie are different personages. Frank Leslie, as he is still called in professional circles, was, however, traveling and singing with Moody and Sankey a short time ago.

INQUIRER, Lockport.—Dan Rice's Circus traveled through Western New York in 1874, and during the month of September in that year probably exhibited in Lockport, as no final records of their visits are preserved in several towns in the immediate vicinity of Lockport.

CONSTANT READER, Philadelphia.—There was an actor of that name before the public a few years ago, but he died at the Bowery Theatre as a star with fair success. He has been in retirement for some time, but he announces his intention to reappear next season.

C. S., Philadelphia.—There is no authentic record concerning who was the first person to dance a Lancashire clog dance in this country. It is a matter of opinion who was the biggest liar in this city—the editor of Dancing John Williams is known as the Lancashire Lad.

H. W. M., Winterset.—Barnum's, Van Amburgh & Co.'s, Forepaugh's, John Robinson's and Montgomery Queen's are the five largest shows traveling. We have not, however, classified them according to their respective sizes.

F. F.—Turn-ace-up is a game played with a full pack of card poker as three aces and two fives, and yet are higher at poker dice. The game should have been stated. No answers by mail or telegraph.

GREENY, Oregon.—Thanks. Our California correspondent sends us general items of news from your section of country, which reach us much sooner than if they were mailed from Portland.

R. B. B. C., Northampton.—The old amateur rules prohibit any professional players from taking any part in a game, nor can any man play who has belonged to another club within sixty days.

BASEBALL.—Section 1 and Section 11 of Rule VI conflict. Section 11 governs the play by deciding that players cannot be put out in returning on foul balls not caught on the fly.

S. AND T., Detroit.—No answers by mail. He is in the county, resting for the Summer. Any letter left in care of this office will reach him. He will be at the Olympic Theatre, Brooklyn, after Sept. 1.

A SUBSCRIBER, Springfield.—It drawn by agreement between the two clubs, the game is an abandoned one, and the bet is annulled. If the game was called because of rain or darkness, A loses.

KING MARSHAL.—We have no knowledge of such a marriage. 2. THE CLIPPERS of the dates you name are out of print. You might possibly procure copies by advertising for them.

D. C. O., Syracuse.—Rain having stopped the game for the day after four innings had been played, the bet became valid. Not having been renewed, it was not affected by the game on the following day between the same clubs.

GEORGE F. Charleston.—John Murray was born Feb. 5, 1831. 2. The San Francisco Minstrels, now located at Broadway and Twenty ninth street, never performed in the Bowery, this city.

E. G. J., Savannah.—1. The bystander is wrong. 2. There were no blanks. The chances not bought by others had necessarily to be taken by the owner. The owner takes the watch and $44.50.

DRAW POKER.—C must make the first bet. By special agreement in some coteries, however, the "age" passes to the next player when its original holder throws up his hand.

MR. E., Indianapolis.—A-A, the first player, closed the game, and B passed, what did'C, the third and last player, knock to? Two players could not close. Having passed after A had knocked, B could not draw.

MANAYUNK, Pa.—1. When it is played for the dealer to sell, a misdeal on his part forfeits the deal. 2. There was no misdeal. B should have discovered that he had seven cards before he played any.

THE STARBOARDER, Wilkesbarre.—The statement is not clear, and we prefer not to give a decision until it is made clear.

T. C., E. Weymouth.—The man whose turn it was to cut the cards could shuffle them, and the dealer could afterwards shuffle them again.

W. F. H., Thomasville.—No answers by mail. We do not know of his whereabouts. Have advertised your letter for him.

J. S., Denver.—1. D. S. Wambold was born in April, 1836. 2. We have no record of D. L. Carrons age. 3. The San Francisco Minstrels will be located in this city next season.

MRS. B. C., Chicago.—No answers by mail. He is some where on the Pacific coast, as he was in Oregon when we last heard from him.

C. F. C.—Address a letter, containing a stamp for reply, to the person named, who will furnish you with the information.

LEMON PICKLE, Springfield.—1. Do not know of any. 2. You can get the magazines through the Willmer & Rogers News Company, No. 31 Beekman street, New York.

C. F. W., Arizona Territory.—We are not sufficiently familiar with those islands to justify our tendering you advice.

J. B.—It was the late James Seymour, not Harry Seymour, who originally acted Sykesy in "A Glance at New York" at the Olympic and Chatham Theatres, this city.

P. & B. Recently published—George Kunkel was recently traveling in Canada, playing Uncle Tom in "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

W. H. J., Cape May.—Inquire of some wig maker. Prices of trick or bright wigs vary so much we can give you no idea of the cost.

MUSICUS, Middletown.—Prof. D. B. Hughes, who can be addressed in care of this office, can give you full instruction.

HUB, Boston.—Address a letter to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, in this city, and they will furnish the information you desire.

W. H. S., Fort Shaw.—1. Cannot say. 2. Write again, and, if you do not receive a reply, make a complaint to the postmaster in Pittsburg.

FAIRY, Macon.—1. She was born in Chicago, Ill., in 1852, and made her first appearance on the stage when four years of age. 2. Wrs. Jo ins Chapter 1.

WINDY TOM, San Francisco.—A man who buys a pool can, almost anywhere in this country, receive his money under the Gambling Act.

J. S.—The Draft Riot in this city began on Monday morning, July 13, 1863, in Third avenue, near Forty-fifth street.

ELKY, Lowell.—If the two clubs agreed to abandon the game, the bet is a draw. If the game was called because of rain or darkness, Clem loses.

G. S., Red Island.—1. A flush does not beat a full. 2. A royal flush, where it is agreed to play it, will beat even four aces.

C. S., San Francisco.—Lack of space, or devoting too much attention to matters that have already been reviewed at length, is the cause.

ROBERT B. B.—They occur every year. They have occurred several times in this city, if this city is meant. If you mean the last one in this city, it was on July 12, 1871.

C. E.—We know of no society that would give you an opportunity to play Hamlet, or a part of it.

W. B., South Bend.—Watch our columns weekly. We cannot spare the space necessary to give the information in this department.

A. L. MCNAUGHTON, Milwaukee.—We will be pleased to receive scores and such other information as will prove of general interest.

F. B. C., Hartford.—1. A letter addressed in care of this office will reach him. 2. Ed. James, whose address appears in advertisement, can supply them. 3. Yes.

J. ROBERTS, Streator.—It was not a fair throw. If he did not derive any benefit from the walk-up, why did he take it?

J. C.—1. Abram S. Hewitt is a son-in-law of Peter Cooper. 2. There are many more than that. In 1875 there were 141,202 naturalized voters alone in this city.

J. L., AURORA.—For Cal Wagner's Minstrels see our Minstrel Department.

CORRESPONDENT, Los Angeles.—Marsh Adams is still living.

H. G. K., Manchester.—See answer to "Riley, Lowell," and substitute A for Clem.

PENTER, Cambridge.—The dealer "antes" at draw-poker.

J. C. N., Scotch.—No answers by mail. We have no knowledge of the lady's marriage.

X. Y. Z., Providence.—A did not win. The bet is a draw "under our oft-repeated ruling" as to cases of this kind.

T. R., Troy.—1. No; to be caught, it must touch foul ground. 2. No.

P. H. B., Syracuse.—It counts for but one error, as the failure to catch might have been done for a double-play.

A READER, New Vienna.—1. Cannot tell. 2. Do not know the ages of all.

BASEBALL, Little Falls.—Not out. Entitled to base on balls.

LAST ONE, Chicago.—The last umpire should alone receive pay, as he alone properly discharged his duties.

W. G. BOYD.—You can get supplied through the American News Co., this city.

J. HEISTER HESS.—Cash received, and paper sent as requested.

GEO. H. LENNOX.—There are still two letters in our care addressed Geo. H. Lennox of Haverly's Minstrels.

F. S. S., Kinsman.—1. Address F. Grote & Co., as per their card elsewhere. 2. Henry N. Smith.

J. C. V., Montclair.—1. It is a matter of opinion. 2. Sly cents.

W. E. SCHOOLEY.—Sorry we cannot furnish you with those dates.

J. B. HOWE, Pittston.—1. Cannot say. 2. The CLIPPER ALMANAC will enlighten you.

JOS. BATTEN JR., St. Joseph.—There is nothing better than lemon juice for the purpose.

MANENTA, New Orleans.—B could make the second build before taking in his first.

J. N. O., Wampum.—1. It is no bet. 2, 3, 4, 5. See our baseball columns weekly.

D. H. T., Columbus.—If the clubs agreed to draw the game, the bet is a draw.

EZRA D., Boston.—Neither counts, unless by agreement.

BLOOMER, Chicago.—We know nothing about such a vessel.

A. L. G., Baltimore.—B, being the eldest player, counts one for game.

J. H. J.—An owner can start as many horses as he chooses in a dash-race, but can win in a race of heats.

WAVERLY A. C.—You will find that information in THE CLIPPER ALMANAC, price 15 cents.

STRAIGHT FLUSH.—Of W. J. Splain, Boston, Mass. 2. It is too early to predict.

MINSTREL, Rochester.—It was Billy Birch the minstrel who was shipwrecked, as you describe.

W. W. W. C.—Thomas Moore the poet was in this country in 1804.

LOWELL.—All bets were not void. The bet that the Lowells would win is void.

H. C. P.—The three deuces, being a triple raffle, beat the two sixes and the three.

R. S. S., Washington.—The gentleman was out as soon as he made a sweep and little cassino.

J. T. J., Cleveland.—A can say to his partner: "I order you up and go alone," and can then go alone.

REGULAR SUBSCRIBER, Cincinnati.—Four fours beat four aces at poker dice.

MIKE K., Detroit.—B wins. High, low, jack, game, pedro.

CONSTANT READER, Jersey City.—Insert a challenge in this paper.

J. T., Syracuse.—We know nothing of them further than that they advertise.

SUBSCRIBER, Cincinnati.—1. A loses if the game was called because of rain or darkness. 2. Certainly he can.

CHAMAN, Auburn.—The ace of hearts at forty fives calls for a trump only. 2. It is higher than any other ace.

MRS. E. A., Cincinnati.—No answers by mail. We have advertised your letter for him.

S. M., Saranac.—"Elements of Draughts," price 50 cents.

BORAY, Jersey City.—1, 2, 3, 4, 5 are a straight at bluff.

J. H. E.—Two points are the most that C can make.

W. A. M., Albany.—Answer to "Waverly A. C."

A. J. K.—We do not know his whereabouts.

DR LA HAYES.—Onondaga County, N. Y.

C. M. ATKINS.—Yes; sent it as requested.

SNOWBALL.—1. It is a balk. 2. Not out.

J. C., Sallneville.—No such record.

CONSTANT READER.—Dec. 25, 1853.

J. E.—See answer to "J. H. J."

J. W.—7 15⅝, by Ten Broeck.

G. C.—$45 and the shoes.

W. W., Quincy.—B wins.

A MERRY LIFE.

"He led a short life and a merry one," said a friend the other day, referring to a promising actor who had died at the early age of twenty-seven. That has been the unwritten epitaph of many a brilliant man, not alone in the theatric, but in almost every other profession. A short life and a merry one—does it pay?

Merriment, we take it, is intended to stand as a synonym for happiness. At least, it will be admitted that every man desires to be happy, and for this end he labors and plans and strives and struggles. Now, the life which the world calls short and merry is too often darkened by shadows and ended in suffering. We chanced to know somewhat of the inner history of the actor to whom reference has been made; and when we heard his career summed up in the words quoted above, it occurred to us that the epitaph did not suit his case. His life was short, too short—but it was not a merry one. Ten years before, he had entered upon his profession hopeful, ambitious and self-reliant. He made such progress as comes of earnest effort, and those who know him best predicted for him a brilliant career. The possibilities which opened up to him were unlimited, but he did not grasp them. He became what is known as "a jolly good fellow," and the moment he established his right to be reckoned in that category he forfeited all further claims to advancement in his art. Excessive jollity and good fellowship are the enemies of patient toil, without which there are no triumphs in this world. His talents rusted for want of polishing. He took one step forward, and then stopped. Under too high a pressure, he consumed the fuel of life at a time when all his faculties ought to have been at their best. When he came to die, his friends spoke of him as leading a short life and a merry one. It was not a merry life. It was embittered by the consciousness of wasted opportunities, and darkened by the shadow of remorse.

The readers of THE CLIPPER are more or less familiar with that little band of Bohemians who flourished in New York fifteen years ago, and whose presence lent a peculiar charm to the beer-saloon wherein they were wont to congregate. Seeing them about the wooden tables, with their mugs and pipes, and listening to the bright things which they said, one would be willing to swear that their lives were the jolliest under the sun. Genial, generous, gifted men were they, who held to the philosophy that it is wisest to live while we may live, and let the morrow care for itself. Well might one of the brightest of their number sing:

"Gold is dross,
Love is loss;
So, if I gulp my sorrows down,
Or see them drown
In foamy draught of old nut-brown,
Then do I wear the crown
Without the cross!"

But the cross came at last—and a heavy cross it was to bear. The morrow, left to care for itself, makes but poor provision for the material wants of man. Those open-handed, mellow-souled fellows, who drank their beer and laughed at fate, died before the world had guessed their worth; and those who called their lives short and merry knew little of the burdens of sorrow which they bore with a smile upon their lips.

In all the history of the world—and here, perhaps, is the moral which we are seeking to evolve—there has been no example of illustrious success without corresponding effort. To-night you witness the performance of a dramatic star who receives more for his services than all the rest of the company combined. His task does not seem a very onerous one, and there is apparently little effort to speak his lines. He makes his dozen entrances and exits, and in two hours and a half has earned more money than the utility man can earn in three months. Is there injustice in this? When you have looked closer into the life of this successful actor, you will find invariably the secret of his triumph. It is the result of no accident. He did not stumble upon fame. He won it by the dint of hard work. His life has not been what the world calls a merry one. Through many laborious years he has studied and labored, and now he reaps the reward of his industry. If his task seems easy, it is only because he has made it so. If the flowers lie thick in his path, it is because he has trod bravely over the thorny places. And what is true of the stage is true of every other profession. Tennyson gets a pound a line for writing a poem, while Jones cannot get a shilling for a pound of poems; but Tennyson has done what Jones has not the patience to do—he has schooled himself to write true poetry. We pay a small fortune for a bit of canvas on which Gerome has laid the colors, and here is Brown offering his productions by the square yard, and none willing to purchase. And yet Brown has only himself to blame.

There may be such a thing as divine genius, of which the ancients sang, and which was believed to be breathed into a man by the gods; but for ourselves, we are pretty thoroughly convinced that there is no genius like hard work. And if there is any one class of people to whom this is especially applicable, it is to the members of the dramatic profession. With them the prizes are to be clutched only by patient and persistent striving. To lift one's self from the common level to the plane of distinction is a mighty task, and the one lever to be used is work. If it be conceded that a man cannot be reckoned a jolly good fellow, and at the same time devote himself faithfully to his art, then it becomes a question worthy of serious deliberation whether it is not wiser to let the jollity and good-fellowship go, and cleave to art. If it be further conceded that a man who leads a short and merry life rarely accomplishes any great achievements, then it is surely better to live less merrily and with a more fixed purpose. There may be rare exceptions, but the general rule will hold good that an actor reaps what he sows. If the seed be idleness, the harvest is not likely to be fame; if the seed be perseverance, the harvest can be nothing else than success. No man ever got much assistance from above or below who was not willing to put his own shoulder to the wheel. There is virtue in an honest effort, even if it fail; but there is no virtue in whining over one's lot and envying the more fortunate condition of others. Were the truth known, these others have not mounted the ladder without toilsome endeavor.

We come back to the proposition with which we started, viz., merriment ought to stand as a synonym for happiness. Could all their inner histories be known, these short lives are not so merry as they are reputed. They have their disappointments and heartaches, their keen regrets and touches of remorse. They are not happy. And the man who lives more rationally, more abstemiously, more temperately, finds in the end a truer happiness than he who shortens his career by indulgence which the world is charitable enough to call merriment.

CHEAP AMUSEMENTS.

The daily newspapers are pleased to tell us, not unfrequently, that the public demands a cheaper class of amusements than that afforded at first-class theatres. The price of admission, we are assured, ought to be reduced one-half. Many people who would otherwise encourage dramatic performances are prevented from doing so by the excessive sum charged for seats. If managers knew what was for their own interest they would lessen their rates, and thus increase their patronage. This, and much more, is offered in the daily journals by way of argument to prove that a high tariff at the box-office is unprofitable in the end. It is worth while to consider this question in all its bearings.

Undeniably, many persons who would eagerly attend the theatres, were they furnished with free tickets, are forced to stay away now. For precisely the same reason, these persons do not go to Europe or to Saratoga. They cannot afford it. Doubtless, others, who would cheerfully pay half a dollar for admission, hesitate about expending three times that amount. Educated persons, abundantly able to appreciate good acting, are, without question, kept away from the theatres by motives of economy. All this is to be regretted; but, while society rests upon its present foundations, we do not see how it is to be helped. That the drama should receive generous support is something to be devoutly wished for. But we must not expect that theatre-managers can present their plays in a creditable manner, and then go out onto the highways and hedges and distribute cards of admission gratuitously. Neither can we expect them to fix their scale of prices at such a rate as to insure loss, instead of gain. The manager's work ends with a proper presentation of a piece. Beyond this, it rests with the public to decide whether the stage shall be encouraged or condemned.

Now, the demand for a cheaper class of amusements is not a demand for a cheaper quality, but price. Whatever else the modern stage may have done, it has at least outstripped the past in the matter of scenic display. If actors are no better to-day than were their brethren of half a century ago, they move in more realistic frames. Costly furniture and elaborate dresses may not be art in its highest form, but they are pleasant to the eye. The scene-painter, the upholsterer, and the costumer have come to exert a powerful influence in the theatric world. We do not care to discuss the propriety of this, but we assert it as a simple fact. And all this richness of mounting, this careful elaboration of detail, costs a mint of money. The manager who puts a new play on metropolitan boards, and does it in conformity with the demands of the times, is forced to expend a large sum before the piece has had a single public presentation. He is obliged, therefore, to fix his prices of admission high enough to reimburse him for his outlay. If the public is not willing to pay these prices, then it must content itself with less perfect performances. The scene-painter, the upholsterer, and the costumer must be done away with; or, at all events, their services cannot be called into such general requisition as at present. We must content ourselves with Rosalind in a very primitive forest of Arden, with Lady Teazle in less gorgeous robes, with the Princess Royal in plainer gowns. The spectacular drama must be ostracized altogether; and when the melodrama calls for the explosion of a steamship, the audience must rely upon its imagination to produce the "startling effect." And not only will it be necessary for managers, when they reduce the prices of admission, to lessen the expense of mounting a play, but they must also shave off a considerable margin from the salaries of the actors. It has never occurred to us that the members of the theatrical profession are overpaid. Some of them—those who have mounted to the top round—receive large sums of money for their work; but the rank and file richly earn all that they get. The profession at best is a laborious one, and that system of economy which would result in cutting down the actor's salary is not, we think, to be advocated.

The question reduces itself to simply this: Is it better to give a cheaper performance at a lower price, or to keep up the standard of the stage and hold to the present rates of admission? Our managers work to make money. That is a natural and proper incentive. If they believed that it would pay them better to reduce their rates, they would certainly reduce them. But experience has demonstrated that, even at the existing scale of prices, theatres are not gold mines. Only by skillful management are they made to pay. If the public really desires a reduction in the price of tickets, then it must make up its mind to expect a cheaper class of performances. Liberality on the part of the manager calls for a corresponding degree of liberality on the part of the public.

OUR INDIAN POLICY.—We seem to be slow in getting our men there at the right time. If the Government will hurry along six or seven more soldiers, we firmly believe that Joseph and his brethren's goose will be cooked. Had three or four more of our men been held in reserve, to pounce down upon the wily foe when he turned our flanks, it is evident that this catastrophe might have been averted, and the lustre of our arms preserved undimmed; but it is never too late to mend, and we would kindly suggest that, if, instead of irritating our Indian braves by sending armed foes where they are, we were to send a few of our Quaker friends, whose mission is peace, the noble red man would at once see that we are not hounding him to his death, but are endeavoring to educate him up to our standard of civilization; and he would thereupon quietly come in, submissively lay down his protecting arms, and sue for mercy. To be sure, this policy was tried on Captain Jack, and failed; but it must be admitted that Jack was an obstinate, thick-skulled red devil, and didn't properly comprehend the Quaker and his policy. The gentlemen who comprise the flower of the Indian braves *now* on the war-path are better educated, and therefore more open to conviction than were Jack and his minions. In the meantime we respectfully urge, in the cause of peace, the sending of five or six reinforcements.

EVER SINCE that duel took place, public bodies have sought opportunities to heap honors upon the heads of the principals in that affair. For his masterly handling of the hair-trigger at Slaughter Point, J. G. Bennett, Esq., has been made President of the Narragansett *Gun* Club.

THE POTATO BUG has reached Ireland, and it is said it is already Dublin itself.

WE ARE BUT MORTAL, and that is why so many of us officeholders disregard that order from Washington, and continue to pull wires and make up slates, just the same as we ever did. Patriotism is not so frothy as to be tossed hither and yon by every idle blast from Washington. We love office, but we love our country more, probably. Hence, in the language of a blackeyed poet: "We shall never give up the bucket till the well runs dry!" We might remark, nevertheless, that, while we continue to hold office by the bright orb of day, we hide our light under a bushel when meeting with our political friends in caucus and setting the wires a-going that keep the machinery in operation.

WOULDN'T it be just as conducive to public health and comfort if newly-organized brass bands were to take a few bars' rest while the hot weather lasts? We have no objection to a midnight solo on the ophycleide, nor to an obligato on the trombone, at the same witching hour, for the soft strains of these instruments have a soothing influence which Mrs. Winslow's syrup does not possess; but a combination of the kettle-drum, the bass-drum and the cymbals, cemented with the dulcet tones of three trumpets and four second-cornets, has a tendency to awaken us from balmy slumber, which is so necessary to restore our tired nature.

SINCE INFORMATION reached this country that twelve millions of dollars in the Bank of England are awaiting the claims of the heirs of one Robert Shepherd, a good many of us have turned up; but the law's delay and the fictitious demands of illegitimate claimants may prevent us from having justice done us as soon as we anticipated; but our motto is "Excelsior!"

IN PHILADELPHIA, when they have no case ready for trial, they bring up Frank Kelly and try him. In this way the machinery of justice is kept in operation. Business having improved in the Courts of the Quaker City, and being slack in Cincinnati, they propose to loan Kelly to the latter city until the legal trade revives.

WE ARE TOLD by one who knows that hotel-proprietors at fashionable watering-places are considerably discouraged by guests failing to come to time, very few caravansaries having half a house full, and July more than half over.

WE DO NOT BELIEVE that it comes within the province of pool selling and buying to bet on the probable length of time a first-class dispenser of the gospel will occupy in the delivery of a sermon during the dog-days!

A NEW SOURCE of industry will soon be opened in the large cities, viz., the collection of discarded peach-pits, and the conversion of the same into almonds! Let the early bird get his basket and tackle ready.

DURING THIS tidal-wave of temperance, advocates of the good cause should learn to discriminate between the idiosyncracies of gin and the eccentricities of unripe fruit!

EVERYTHING is so comfortable and pleasant in New York that we have it in contemplation to make it a fashionable place of resort next Summer!

EX-GOVERNOR TILDEN was unable to complete his arrangements for his contemplated European outgo trip, owing to his ill-fitting domestic *income suit!*

STILL LATER FROM THE SEAT OF WAR—"Nic's sick!" If, after being revictualed, there is no improvement, we would advise a dose of castor-oil!

WHEN we become surfeited with the barbarities of the Indian race, we find balm in Gilead when we turn for consolation to the boat race!

THE RUSSIANS beat us, after all. They have just put into operation a back-action train of Kars on the rapid-transit plan. Good enough!

STRANGERS must not imagine that *all* the "shingled" heads seen upon the shoulders of our young men are graduates of Sing Sing!

IF GREEN PLUMS will not assist you to get rid of the objectionable small fry, try a combination of gooseberries and crab-apples!

ISN'T it time for some Western city to get up another big fire? The Eastern country is having a monopoly of this thing.

WHILE WE ARE giving the President's policy a trial, suppose we grant Blaine, Tilden, *et al.*, a stay of proceedings.

WE DON'T hear much about the telephone lately. Has it gone to meet Keely's motor?

NEWS OF THE WEEK BOILED DOWN.

*** July 9: The village of Pensaukee, Wis., was reported to have been destroyed by a tornado on the night of the 7th. Six persons were killed and many wounded.....Gen. Ord's command was stated to have followed horse-thieves into Mexico, and recaptured the stolen animals.....Jacob Rudolph, aged 80, and his wife, an aged woman residing on a farm near Brownsville, Iowa, were murdered by some person unknown.....Two young men named Poulin and their uncle were drowned while fishing at Quebec, Canada.....Cable news: The Turks destroyed Chevketie, a town on the Black Sea coast.....A body of Russian cavalry routed the Turks near Tirnova, in Bulgaria. A Turkish monitor was ashore in the Danube, and likely to be destroyed by Russian gunboats. The deaths at Resht, Persia, from plague, were said to number over twenty daily.....Fires: Quigley's saw and shingle mills, at Minden, Ont.—loss $10,000; Withing & Bro.'s feed-store, in this city—loss $2,000, insured.....The Merchants' Loan and Trust Company of Paterson, N. J., suspended.

*** July 10: A young girl named Mary Jane Casey, residing here, was run over and killed on the railroad at Tenth avenue and Thirtieth street, her body being terribly mangled.....Jacob Loeb, aged 24, committed suicide by shooting in this city.....The Governor of Pennsylvania respited Francis Curley (sentenced to be hanged Aug. 9) until Sept. 28.....The German Bank at St. Louis, Mo., suspended.....Dr. Reed and a lady were drowned in Ewing township, near Trenton, N. J., the carriage in which they were riding being precipitated into the feeder of the Delaware and Raritan Canal.....Adolph Straub was run over and killed on the railroad at Bronxville, N. Y.....The steamer Grainger was burned near Little Rock, Ark., causing a loss of $30,000.

*** July 11: Frank Wilson was hanged at Harrisburg, Pa., for the murder of John B. Rudy.....Col. W. Sheridan returned to Bismarck, D. T., with the remains of Gen. Custer and other officers who fell in the massacre on the Little Big Horn. Custer's remains will be taken to West Point, those of the others being interred in the National Cemetery at Fort Leavenworth.....At Harrisonburg, Va., Anderson Shiffett, who killed G. Lawson, was found guilty of murder in the first degree.....Sulphuric-acid gas caused the death of seven men and serious injury to a number of others at the Brookfield coal-bank, near Sharon, Pa. The names of the dead are John Jones, Robert Williams, Miles Davis, David Jenkins, Richard Jones, John Barter and John Young.....In a struggle with the guard at Quebec Gate Barracks Armory, Montreal, Canada, John McKeown was killed by Frank Fitzpatrick.....The Orangemen of Montreal, in order to avoid threatened trouble, concluded not to parade on the 12th.....At Wendell Station, near Greenfield, Mass., a wagon was run into by an engine and caboose, Ira Davis, Mrs. Jonah Davis, Mrs. Ira Wakefield, Mrs. Eugene Brown and Miss Nellie Lacey being killed.....It was reported that on the night of the 9th John Green, who shot his wife dead, was taken from jail at Roanoke, Mo., by a mob, who hanged him.....Tyng & Brotherson, pork-packers of Peoria, Ill., failed; liabilities $120,000.....At Point Oliver, Ky., George Stark, accused of the seduction and murder of Miss Burton, his sister-in-law, was taken from jail and lynched.....John Strain, engineer, was fatally injured by a railroad accident near Fort Wayne, Ind.....Mrs. Eliza Killian, whose husband drowned himself here in April last, hung herself.....While crossing the Mississippi River in a skiff, Mrs. Eliza O'Connell and child, and Mrs. Mary M. O'Connor and her two children, were drowned at Baton Rouge.....The steamship Lancaster and the schooner M. M. Pole collided off Chatham, Mass., the latter sinking. No lives lost.....Jules Guiley was sentenced to be hanged in St. Charles Parish, La., July 25, for the murder of Ida Bell.

*** July 12: In an affray resulting from an attack made upon a number of Orangemen returning from church in Montreal, Canada, Thos. Leit Hackett, an Orangeman, aged 22, was shot dead, and several other persons received serious injuries.....Martin T. Rickards committed suicide near Spraker's Basin, N. Y.....Cable news: The Russians, despite the protestations of the Danubian International Commission, have sunk ships laden with stores at the mouth of the Danube. The military and civil commandants of Bistova, Tirnova and Osman Bazar have been summoned to Constantinople for trial by court-martial. Up to June 28 seven hundred persons had been killed and wounded in Rustchuk by the bombardment. The anniversary of the Battle of the Boyne was extensively celebrated throughout Ireland, no disturbance occurring.....At Salem, Mass., Albert H. Joy was sentenced to be hanged Oct. 19 for the murder of Charles H. Gilman.....Dr. E. M. Stein, an ex-Navy surgeon, committed suicide in this city through dread of approaching blindness.....The body of Dennis Conner, aged 26, of this city, was found floating in the East River.

*** July 13: Louis Smith, a saloon-keeper, committed suicide by shooting in Paterson, N. J.....At San Juan, South California, Justin Arajo, who had fatally shot Manuel Burtron, was taken from jail by masked men, and hung.....David Pearce and George Stevens, the negro murderers of a young man named Edings, were hanged at Charleston, S. C.....Peindexter Edmonson, the convicted murderer of William Show, was executed at Bloomfield, Mo.....Miller" Woldorf of Massaroneck, N. Y., was stated to have committed suicide by taking Paris green.....Albert Durham ended his life by hanging at West Hoboken, N. J.....A passenger train was precipitated into Rattlesnake Creek, near Murphysboro, Mo., several persons being seriously injured.....Capt. H. Bourdiort was found drowned at North Sidney, N. S.....Eugene Schuyler of the American Legation at Constantinople, Turkey, was married in Paris, France, to Miss Gertrude King, daughter of the late President King of Columbia College, New York.....Fires: The Clermont County (O.) Infirmary buildings—loss $15,000; Myers & Sellers' tobacco warehouse, at Williamsburg, O.—loss $12,000; L. H. Dwelly & Co.'s spool-factory, at Foxcroft, Me.—loss $8,000; Henry Brockman's stable and residence, at Cincinnati, O.—loss $3,000.....John Eagan, aged 67, while walking on the railroad track near Hoboken, N. J., was run over and killed.....Mrs. Lena, residing here, ended her life by taking oxalic acid.....George Michall and Jacob Eisle were arrested at Newtown, L. I., on suspicion of having murdered John Gunser.

*** July 14: Aaron Miller, Owen Lamb, and Wilson Andrews were killed, and eight others seriously injured, by a boiler explosion in a mine near Allentown, Pa.....James A. Favor, aged 74, who was under $30,000 bail for assisting to kill Mary Ella Harr

BASEBALL.

MATCHES TO BE PLAYED.

LEAGUE CLUB GAMES.

July 17, Boston vs. Chicago, at Chicago.
July 17, Hartford vs. St. Louis, at St. Louis.
July 18, Boston vs. Chicago, at Chicago.
July 18, Louisville vs. Cincinnati, at Cincinnati.
July 20, Boston vs. Cincinnati, at Cincinnati.
July 20, Hartford vs. Louisville, at Louisville.
July 21, Boston vs. Cincinnati, at Cincinnati.
July 21, Hartford vs. Louisville, at Louisville.
July 23, Boston vs. Louisville, at Louisville.
July 24, Hartford vs. Cincinnati, at Cincinnati.
July 25, Boston vs. Louisville, at Cincinnati.
July 25, Hartford vs. Cincinnati, at Cincinnati.
July 26, Boston vs. St. Louis, at St. Louis.
July 27, Hartford vs. Chicago, at Chicago.
July 28, Boston vs. St. Louis, at St. Louis.
July 28, Hartford vs. Chicago, at Chicago.

OTHER CLUB GAMES.

July 17, Alaska vs. Volunteer, at Poughkeepsie, N. Y.
July 17, Rochester vs. Fall River, at New Bedford, Mass.
July 17, Enterprise vs. Rutan, at Jersey City.
July 17, Crescent vs. Molnawk, at Plainfield, N. J.
July 17, Crystal vs. Orange, at Orange, N. J.
July 17, Louisville vs. Champion City, at Springfield, O.
July 17, Chelsea vs. Resolute, at Elizabeth, N. J.
July 18, Rochester vs. Fall River, at Fall River, Mass.
July 18, Hartford vs. Americus, at Jersey City.
July 18, Alaska vs. Lafayette, at West Brighton, S. I.
July 19, Tea vs. Coffee, at Brooklyn.
July 19, Indianapolis vs. Manchester, at Indianapolis.
July 19, Athletic vs. Defiance, at Philadelphia.
July 19, Athletic vs. Germantown, at Philadelphia.
July 19, Mutual vs. Brandywine, at West Chester, Pa.
July 19, Hamilton City vs., Boston, at Springfield, O.
July 19, Resolute vs. Orange, at Elizabeth.
July 19, Oceola vs. Comet, at Jersey City.
July 19, Live Oak vs. Enterprise, at Brooklyn.
July 20, Star of Syracuse vs. Chicago, at Chicago.
July 20, Rochester vs. Rhode Island, at Providence.
July 20, Mutual vs. Independent, at Jersey City.
July 21, Athletic vs. Philadelphia, at Philadelphia.
July 21, Quickstep vs. Witoka, at Brooklyn.
July 21, Manchester vs. Mutual, at Janesville, Wis.
July 21, Indianapolis vs. Chicago, at West Chester, Pa.
July 21, Chelsea vs. Orange, at Orange.
July 21, Alaska vs. Americus, at West Brighton.
July 21, Star of Syracuse vs. Hamilton, at Jersey City.
July 21, Upper vs. Lower Floor Prod. Ex., at Brooklyn.
July 21, Nameless vs. Lafayette, at Brooklyn.
July 21, Star of Syracuse vs. St. Louis, at St. Louis.
July 23, Rochester vs. Live Oak, at Lynn, Mass.
July 23, Milwaukee vs. Indianapolis, at Milwaukee, Wis.
July 23, Evansville vs. Fairbank, at Chicago.
July 23, Buckeye vs. Allegheny, at Columbus, O.
July 23, Forest City vs. Chicago, at Rockford, Ill.
July 23, Marion vs. Dixie, at Savannah Ga.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP RECORD.

The League Campaign.

Things are not running smoothly in League-club circles, and it is hardly likely that they will do so as long as that demoralizing rule of allowing players to engage themselves to other clubs in the middle of an exciting season is kept in force. This has been the entering-wedge of every club difficulty the League has had to contend with since its organization, from the year that the Chicago Club broke up the Philadelphia nine to the present time. The latest symptom of this pernicious system is cropping out in Louisville, according to *The Courier-Journal* of July 10, McManus and McGeary were in that city on Monday, the 9th, endeavoring to secure Devlin, Snyder and Hall for next year's St. Louis nine. These engagements have been made, the result may be the practical breaking-up of the Louisville nine; for, though the players may be kept together until the end of the season, the power to discipline is in a measure lost, and the result is only likely to be seen in show this. This trouble and the breaking-up of the Cincinnatis, together with the failure to place the new Cincinnati nine on a legal footing, will materially affect the interests of the League clubs. In view of the uncertainty of the status of the new Cincinnati nine, we are obliged to put on record two tables of the League-pennant games, viz., one showing the record with the games of the new and old Cincinnati nines included, and the other showing the record as it will be likely to be counted in November. The failure of the League to take action upon the Cincinnati Club's position at a special meeting is anything but in accordance with their profession of fair-dealing with the baseball public. Why does not the president of the Chicago Club—the "Boss of the League," as a Western paper calls him—attend to this matter at once? Surely, he must be aware of the fact that it is not right to leave the Cincinnati Club's position in doubt. Either they are a League-club team, or they are not. If not, then their games are of no account. Why do not the new managers of the Cincinnati Club call for a show of League backing on the question of their position? The record up to July 15, counting all the games, is as follows:

	Boston.	Brooklyn.	Chicago.	Louisville.	St. Louis.	Games lost.	Games won.
Boston		3	2	4	4	10	21
Brooklyn	3		2	4	4	13	16
Chicago	2	2		3	5	12	15
Louisville	0	0	1		2	3	25
St. Louis	0	0	0	2		2	26
Games lost		5	5	13	15	40	103

Throwing the Cincinnati games out, the record would be as appended:

	Boston.	Brooklyn.	Chicago.	Louisville.	St. Louis.	Games lost.	Games won.
Boston		3	2	4	4	12	12
Brooklyn	3		2	4	4	13	11
Chicago	1	2		3	5	11	9
Louisville	0	0	1		2	3	22
St. Louis	0	0	0	2		2	23
Games lost		5	5	13	15	38	77

East vs. West.

The contest between the Eastern and Western nines of the League clubs on the second tour West has thus far been in favor of the Western nines, thus:

WESTERN VICTORIES.

July 4, Chicago vs. Boston	12 to 2
July 4, St. Louis vs. Hartford	7 to 6
July 5, St. Louis vs. Hartford	6 to 1
July 7, Louisville vs. Hartford	14 to 4
July 11, Louisville vs. Boston	14 to 9
July 12, Louisville vs. Boston	9 to 4
July 13, Chicago vs. Hartford	6 to 3
July 14, St. Louis vs. Boston	10 to 3
Games won, 8.	

EASTERN VICTORIES.

July 6, Boston vs. Cincinnati	10 to 5
July 7, Boston vs. Cincinnati	3 to 2
July 11, Hartford vs. Cincinnati	6 to 5
July 12, Hartford vs. Cincinnati	15 to 9
July 13, Boston vs. St. Louis	7 to 4
July 13, Hartford vs. Chicago	10 to 3
Games won, 6.	

Four of these are not likely to be counted, viz., those played in Cincinnati.

The International Pennant Race.

The Pennsylvania champions still lead in the international pennant contest, as the appended record shows:

	Allegheny.	Buckeye.	Live Oak.	Manchester.	Maple Leaf.	Rochester.	Tecumseh.	Games lost.	Games won.
Allegheny		2	2	3	1	1	2	11	6
Buckeye	0		1	4	1	0	1	7	7
Live Oak	0	1		1	0	1	0	4	6
Manchester	1	2	2		0	3	1	9	7
Maple Leaf	2	1	1	0		1	0	5	6
Rochester	1	3	1	0	1		3	9	7
Tecumseh	1	1	0	1	1	0		4	6
Games lost	4	10	7	9	4	6	7	49	45

The United States Championship.

Ten of the most prominent of the forty odd professional teams now in the arena may be said to be pretty equally matched for the honors of the United States championship, and one of the games played together by the six League clubs and the Indianapolis, Star, Allegheny and Lowell nines shows these clubs to be occupying the following relative positions:

	Won.	Lost.	Played.
Boston	27	14	41
Brooklyn	19	12	31
St. Louis	18	13	31
Louisville	16	18	34
Chicago	16	19	35
Indianapolis	15	27	42
	131	143	274

The record in full is as follows:

	Allegheny.	Athletic.	Baltimore.	Boston.	Brooklyn.	Chicago.	Cincinnati.	Indianapolis.	Louisville.	Manchester.	Mutual.	Star.	Games lost.	Games won.
Allegheny		3	1	0	2	0	3	1	1	2	0	8	27	19
Boston	3		1	0	2	4	4	2	2	2	0	8	29	27
Brooklyn	2	3		1	0	2	4	3	2	2	0	8	27	19
Chicago	0	1	0		1	0	3	1	1	0	0	5	16	16
Cincinnati	1	0	0	1		1	1	4	1	3	0	4	16	18
Indianapolis	1	1	0	0	1		4	1	4	1	3	5	21	15
Louisville	0	2	4	3	5	0		4	0	2	1	6	27	16
Manchester	1	1	0	1	1	1	1	1		1	0	4	13	16
Mutual	0	1	0	0	1	1	3	2	2	1		4	15	15
Star	1	0	1	1	3	2	1	0	1	0	1		10	15
St. Louis	0	4	3	3	1	2	2	0	0	2	0	0	16	16
Games lost	10	14	12	9	19	23	12	18	3	14	18	143		

ALLEGHENY vs. MANCHESTER.

On July 11 the Manchester (N. H.) Club made their appearance in Allegheny, Pa., and during the afternoon experienced defeat at the hands of the Alleghenys, whose play at all points was superior.

ALLEGHENY.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.
McKelvy, c. f.	1	3	0	1	0
Williamson, 3b.	2	1	1	1	0
Dolan, r.	1	1	0	0	0
Nelson, s. s.	0	0	6	3	0
Goodman, 1st b.	0	1	10	1	0
Cramer, l. f.	1	1	2	0	0
Galvin, p.	0	1	1	5	2
Holbert, c.	0	1	7	0	0
Fulmer, 2d b.	0	0	2	1	1
Totals	6	9	27	12	3

MANCHESTER.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.
Cogswell, 1st b.	1	1	10	0	2
Kelly, c.	0	1	6	2	2
Daley, 2d b.	0	1	1	2	3
Woodhead, 3d b.	1	1	2	1	0
Shugg, p.	0	0	1	8	1
Moran, l. f.	0	0	2	0	0
Rourke, c. f.	0	0	1	0	0
Lanahan, r. s.	0	0	2	4	1
Jacobs, r. f.	0	1	0	0	0
Totals	3	5	27	23	9

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Allegheny	0	0	0	1	1	0	0	0	4—6
Manchester	0	0	1	0	0	0	1	0	1—3

Earned runs—Allegheny, 4. Balls called—on Galvin, 7; Shugg, 11. Strikes called—off Galvin, 21; Shugg, 29. Passed ball—Kelly, 1. Left on bases—Allegheny, 3; Manchester, 8. Two-base hits—Nelson, 1; Dolan, 1; Williamson, 1. Three-base hits—Cramer and Daley. Struck out—on Galvin, 3; Shugg, 3. Umpire, Al. Pratt. Time, 1h. 35m.

AMATEUR vs. LEE.

A model game was played at Galveston, Texas, July 8, between the Amateurs and the Lees of Houston, the occasion being the fourth meeting of the champion series of the State between these clubs. After a hotly contested and highly interesting game the Lees were obliged to succumb to the superior playing of the Amateurs.

AMATEUR.	R.
Hawley, s. s.	1
Hickey, 1st b.	0
Nelson, c.	0
Cassiday, 3d b.	1
Mandeville, p.	0
Canty, 2d b.	0
Schwam, l. f.	0
Benedict, c.	0
Compton, c. f.	0
Total	3

LEE.	R.
Frederich, s. s.	1
Landry, 3d b.	0
Adair, c.	0
Shea, 2d b.	0
Lockman, 1st b.	0
Bennett, l. f.	0
Schoville, p.	0
Flanders, r. f.	0
Total	2

Umpire, D. J. Wright of the Pastime Club.

THE ROCHESTERS have made arrangements for the following games: July 16, at Pittsfield, with Pittsfield Club; 17, at New Bedford, with Fall River; 18, at Fall River, with Fall River; 19, at Providence, with Rhode Island; 21, at Lynn, with Live Oak; 23, at Lynn, with Live Oak; 24, at Lowell, with Lowell. Caskin and Tipper have been re-engaged for next season by the Rochester Club.

A PITCHER and a right-fielder are wanted by Joe Miller, who advertises.

LOUISVILLE vs. BOSTON.

About two thousand persons saw the Louisvilles obtain a victory over the Bostons, at Louisville, Ky., July 11, by knocking Bond all to pieces, they earning, by a succession of heavy hits, no fewer than six runs in the second inning. After Craver's out Snyder made two bases. Crowley followed with a single, and Lothian's rattling three-bagger to right-centre brought both men home. Haggin and Hall struck for single, and after Devlin's strike out Shaffer cleared the bases on a powerful home-run drive far out of Murnan's reach. Singles by Snyder and Crowley in the third and Brown's high throw to second scored the seventh run. In the fourth, Hall took two bases on Murnan's slow handling of his hit, and tallied on Devlin's two-baser. In the sixth, Bond suffered again. Hall and Devlin led off with treble-baggers, Shaffer, Gerhardt, Crowley and Craver hitting for singles. Brown's low throw to third and O'Rourke's bad throw home made two of the five runs scored. In the eighth, Gerhardt's two-baser, Brown's passed ball, and Snyder's long-fly to O'Rourke scored the fourteenth run. Up to the seventh the Grays had only made three errors, Devlin giving three men bases on balls. The Bostons had only batted for three hits, Morrill scoring the first on a safe single and Hague's misunderstanding of the umpire's decision of Morrill's run from the base and to the third. In the seventh inning, Murnan's and Sutton's three-basers, errors by Devlin and Craver and one by Synder gave six unearned runs. The singles by Morrill and Wright in the eighth earned one run, and the same by White and Murnan in the ninth, united with a passed grounder by Crowley, allowed White to score the last run.

LOUISVILLE.	T.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.
Latham, lb.	6	1	2	8	0	0
Hague, 3d b.	6	1	3	4	1	0
Hall, l. f.	5	3	3	1	0	0
Devlin, p.	5	2	2	1	0	0
Shaffer, r. f.	4	2	3	3	0	0
Craver, s. s.	5	1	2	2	4	0
Snyder, c.	5	2	2	4	3	1
Crowley, c. f.	5	1	3	1	0	1
Totals	45	14	20	24	8	2

BOSTON.	T.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.
Wright, 2d b.	5	0	1	1	1	0
Leonard, s. s.	5	0	1	1	4	0
Sutton, s. s.	4	0	1	1	4	1
Morrill, 1st b.	4	1	2	9	0	0
Brown, c.	4	0	0	7	1	2
Schafer, 3d b.	4	1	1	1	3	0
Hague, l. f.	4	0	1	2	0	0
White, r. f.	4	0	1	1	0	0
Murnan, c. f.	4	0	2	3	0	0
Bond, p.	4	0	0	0	3	0
Totals	42	2	10	27	16	3

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Louisville	0	6	1	1	0	5	0	1	0—14
Boston	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	1	0—2

First base by errors—Louisville, 2; Boston, 7. Runs earned—Louisville, 9; Boston, 1. Balls called—on Devlin, 21; Bond, 28. Strikes called—off Devlin, 32; Bond, 42. Bases on balls called—O'Rourke, 3; Murnan, Hall and Shaffer, 1 each. Struck out—Devlin, Shaffer, Bond and Wright. Two-base hits—Snyder, Devlin, Gerhardt and Hague. Three-base hits—Latham, Hall, Devlin, Murnan and Sutton. Home run—Shaffer. Left on bases—Louisville, 9; Boston, 6. Passed balls—Snyder, 1; Brown, 1. Double plays—Hague and Gerhardt. Umpire, Dan Dewyer. Time, 2h. 35m.

Another strong batting game was played by them on the 12th, and, though inferior to their opponents in fielding, the home nine again won, ten innings being played.

LOUISVILLE.	T.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.
Latham, lb.	6	2	3	7	0	1
Hague, 3d b.	5	0	2	1	0	1
Hall, l. f.	5	1	1	3	0	0
Devlin, p.	5	1	1	1	6	0
Shaffer, r. f.	5	2	2	1	0	0
Gerhardt, 2d b.	5	2	2	1	4	0
Craver, s. s.	5	0	2	2	2	1
Snyder, c.	5	1	2	8	7	0
Crowley, c. f.	5	0	1	3	4	1
Totals	45	8	18	30	14	12

BOSTON.	T.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.
Wright, 2d b.	6	0	0	7	5	0
O'Rourke, lf.	5	0	2	0	0	1
White, r. f.	5	0	1	3	0	0
Sutton, s. s.	4	0	1	1	3	6
Murnan, c. f.	4	1	0	0	0	0
Bond, p.	5	0	0	0	7	0
Morrill, 1st b.	4	2	1	10	4	3
Brown, c.	5	2	2	8	5	2
Schafer, 3d b.	5	1	3	5	4	1
Totals	43	6	13	30	29	9

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Louisville	0	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1—3
Boston	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—0

Earned runs—Louisville, 2; Boston, 1. Balls called—on Devlin, 21; Bond, 29. Strikes called—off Devlin, 32; Bond, 42. Bases on called balls—O'Rourke, 3; Murnan, Hall and Shaffer, 1 each. Struck out—Devlin, Shaffer, Bond and Wright. Two-base hits—Snyder, Devlin, Gerhardt and Hague. Three-base hits—Latham, Hall, Devlin, Murnan and Sutton. Home run—Shaffer. Left on bases—Louisville, 9; Boston, 6. Passed balls—Snyder, 1; Brown, 1. Double plays—Hague and Gerhardt. Umpire, Dan Devyer. Time, 2h. 35m.

Another strong batting game was played by them on the 12th, and, though inferior to their opponents in fielding, the home nine again won, ten innings being played.

LOUISVILLE.	T.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.
Latham, lb.	6	2	3	7	0	1
Hague, 3d b.	5	0	2	1	0	1
Hall, l. f.	5	1	1	3	0	0
Devlin, p.	5	1	1	1	6	0
Shaffer, r. f.	5	2	2	1	0	0
Gerhardt, 2d b.	5	2	2	1	4	0
Craver, s. s.	5	1	2	2	2	1
Snyder, c.	5	1	2	8	7	0
Crowley, c. f.	5	1	3	1	0	1
Totals	45	8	18	30	14	12

BOSTON.	T.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.
Wright, 2d b.	5	0	1	1	1	0
Leonard, s. s.	5	0	1	1	4	0
Sutton, s. s.	4	0	1	1	4	1
Morrill, 1st b.	4	1	2	9	0	0
Brown, c.	4	0	0	7	1	2
Schafer, 3d b.	4	1	1	1	3	0
Hague, l. f.	4	0	1	2	0	0
White, r. f.	4	0	1	1	0	0
Murnan, c. f.	4	1	0	0	0	0
Bond, p.	4	0	0	0	3	0
Totals	42	3	8	27	16	3

BLUFFED.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

The moonlight on the shutter
Its ghostly figures threw,
Played hide-and-seek with shadows,
And made bright stars of dew
That clung unto the leaflets
Of the gnarled oaks close by,
And sparkled on the flagstone
Reflections from the sky.

The mildew on the doorstep
Told not of recent tread,
The wind through crack and fissure
Formed whispers from the dead
That spoke of desolation
And changes brought by Time,
Of hearts long cold and buried,
And spirits made sublime.

To the East a light was shining
And shimmering through the space,
And gilded gold the vapor
In a pathway to its place.
A hasty step went thither,
And a troubled gaze did rest
Upon a modest dwelling
With honeysuckle drest.

The quiet of the night-time
Awoke to sleep again,
When loud a knock resounded
Upon the window-pane:
"Good people, can ye tell me
Why keeps yon house so still?
Why rest the moss and mildew
Untouched upon its sill?

"In all these years, oh, whither
Has its tenants' life-bark steered?
And tell me if ye know of her
Into whose life I peered
With eyes so full of endless hope
That did with faith combine—
Eyes that spoke sweet love to hers
While hers did speak to mine?"

The pale night stole in softly
As the window raised on high,
And a form halfway discovered
Leaned out 'twixt earth and sky,
And in a voice quite manly
Interrogated "Hey?"
And marred the stillness further
With "Young feller, what d'ye say?

"The old folks kicked the bucket
Some eighteen months ago,
And their daughter quit the shanty
To hoe a different row.
What d'ye say, young feller,
'Bout sweet Lavinia Brown?
Engaged to her ten years ago,
Before you left this town?

"The devil you was—*indeedy!*
Them's strange proceedings, son.
So you've come back here to find her?
Wal, I guess your search is done;
For here is whar Lavinia
Is spending of her life,
Sort o' doubled up with me like—
You savey?—she's my wife!"

The moonlight showed the visage
Of a man past thirty-eight,
Whose hair was saffron colored,
And most correctly straight.
His face was kind, yet frigid,
Like a star in Summer skies,
And he gazed upon the stranger
With mild and lacteal eyes.

Then he reached and drew a pistol,
While his face was sottly lit
With the light of sweet composure,
As he blandly uttered: "*Git!*"
Retreating sounds of footsteps
On the still air fall and rise,
And echoes sleep around the man
Of humid, lacteal eyes.

L. T.

WON AT A BOAT RACE.

A ROMANCE OF THE INTERCOLLEGIATE REGATTA.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY R. S. FERGUS.

Jack Hamilton and I had been chums from the days when we made mud-pies together; and when he was sent to Harvard, and I to Columbia College, the separation only served to intensify our friendship. We wanted to study at the same university, but Squire Hamilton's remark that "If them youngsters get together they'll larn more deviltry than anythin' else" was coincided in by my father, and so we were separated. Our college days passed in the usual routine; and in 1875, when we had reached the dignity of being Juniors, we had the honor of being considered among the best students in our respective colleges, and among the best oars in the college navies. Thus it happened that he was chosen to be one of the gallant six who were to strive to uphold the glory of the magenta at the intercollegiate regatta of that year, while I was honored by being selected as one of the champions of the blue-and-white. We met often during the preliminary training on the lake, as our folks had come up from their Long Island home to see the race, and were guests at the Grand Union.

In the excitement of the occasion the days seemed to slip by rapidly, and, almost before we knew it, we had reached the evening before the eventful day that was to bring the New York boys to the front. Already the quick-witted correspondents of the New York press had put us down for second or third place, but none had as yet spoken of our being first.

We returned from our final practice-pull in good spirits. We had made splendid time, and were feeling correspondingly happy. As I left the boat-house, after changing my clothes, I heard my name called out, and, turning around, recognized among the throng of visitors Will Howlette, a Columbia Freshman, to whom I had shown a good many kindnesses, and who, in consequence thereof, was to me a perfect Fidus Achates. He had told me that he was going to bring his sister to the race, and the lady leaning on his arm must be she. Her face was turned from me. I had heard Will speak of her so often that I felt anxious to see her, and came up to them. I shook hands with Will, and then ——

"My friend Mr. Fales, Mamie. My sister Mamie, Mr. Fales."

She turned as he spoke, looked me in the face, extended her hand, which I took gently in my own, and then —— Well, it was on my part a desperate case of love at first sight. I grew confused, I am sure that I blushed, and I knew that my greetings were awkward in the extreme. I think she had some idea, too, of what was the matter with me, for she blushed prettily, and laughed a little as she withdrew her hand. It was some minutes before I regained my composure, and I saw Will gaze at me in astonishment as I made some random replies to his many questions. When I had somewhat recovered my wits I looked at Mamie Howlette. To call her pretty would convey but a slight idea of her looks. Her eyes were dark brown, liquid and clear, showing almost black sometimes as she became excited; her hair, almost the color of her eyes, hung in luxuriant masses over her shoulders; her form was petite, lithe and shapely and —but what's the use trying to describe the girl a man's in love with? Of course, to him she's all that's beautiful and good. She wore the blue-and-white, and I inwardly resolved that, if it were in the power of one human being to do it, her colors should be first past the winning-post on the great day.

"Will you take a seat in our carriage, Mr. Fales? We are going to the Grand Union," said she.

"Of course he will," said her brother. "He promised me he would."

Our ride from the lake to Saratoga was to me like an excursion through Paradise. Will, like a sensible fellow, sat up with the driver, "to see the sights," he said, and so I was left alone with Mamie. She was enthusiastic about the race, and had unswerving faith in the prowess of Columbia's boys. Suffice it to say that, by the time we reached the Grand Union, I was, if possible, more desperately in love than ever. On our arrival, she and her brother went to their rooms, promising to join our party immediately, while I went in search of the folks. I found them in our parlor, and found also Master Jack Hamilton in full possession of a lounge, and aggravating my sisters by prophesying an easy victory for Harvard.

"Hallo, my boy," was his greeting. "I have just been telling the girls how we're going to lay you fellows out. But what's the matter with you? Your face looks as if you had a chronic attack of blushing, and with your blue-and-white scarf makes you look like a peradambulating edition of the national colors."

I laughingly replied to Jack's banter, and was just about to go into a description of the day's work when a servant entered and announced Will Howlette and his sister. I hastened to meet them, and introduced them to our circle. But Jack Hamilton—what was the matter with him? As I introduced Miss Howlette to him, I was startled to observe the same blushing, awkwardness and general "taken-aback" expression which I felt had characterized my first meeting with her, and a pang of jealousy shot through me as I realized that Jack's case was as desperate as my own, and felt that he was likely to prove a dangerous rival. But the little witch was perfectly impartial in the distribution of her smiles, and during all her stay at the lake neither of us could say that he was favored more than the other.

Well, the day of the great race came. You all know how gallantly Columbia won, and how her victory was made the occasion of a demonstration such as has seldom been known at a race. Of course we were the heroes of the hour, and were feted and feasted to our hearts' content; but the greatest happiness to me was when Mamie Howlette came up, put out her little hand, and, taking hold of my sun-browned paw, shook it heartily, while tears of joy and excitement glistened in her eyes. Is it any wonder that I raised the little hand to my lips and kissed it fervently? And is it any wonder that I was the happiest man in the Columbia crew that day?

Mamie came home with the girls, and spent the remainder of the Summer with us. Jack and his sisters, being our neighbors and companions, were of course participators in all the picnics, etc., that we had, and he and I devoted ourselves most assiduously to Mamie. But when we went back to our books we were as much in the dark in regard to the young lady's feelings as ever we had been. The Winter passed drearily enough. Mamie had gone to Florida with her mother, who was in delicate health, and my only comfort was in hearing her brother read the letters he got, and in sending regards by every one he wrote. Poor Jack hadn't even that consolation.

Mrs. Howlette and Mamie came back with the flowers of Spring, and I was at once established as an intimate friend and constant visitor. The regatta was again the main topic, and, as Will Howlette had become a member of the C. C. B. C. and was to pull in the six, Mamie was even more interested than she had been the previous year. Neither Jack nor I was going to pull, but we were both at Saratoga, and he renewed his court to Mamie at once. A feeling of estrangement was growing between him and me. It was utterly impossible that we should both love the same girl so fondly and remain close chums. There was a constraint in our intercourse that was painful to both, but we could not help it. I was sitting on the hotel-piaza, smoking and thinking, one evening, when suddenly Jack came out, sat down, put his hand on my shoulder, and said:

"See here, old boy, I can't stand this any longer. We're both desperately in love with that girl; only one of us can win her. I don't believe she knows yet which she likes best, but I think that if one were out of the way the other fellow would have no difficulty in gaining the prize."

I assented to that:

"How do you propose to arrange it, Jack? I don't feel like giving her up, and I know you don't."

"I've been thinking of a plan. I don't want to lose your friendship, Bob, but it's against human nature to be friends and rivals. I propose this: We are both pretty evenly matched as to age, weight and skill as oarsmen. Let us pull a race for her!"

"Pull a race for her!" I exclaimed in astonishment.

"Yes; pull a race for her. We need not let anyone know what the stakes are. We can give out that it is only a friendly trial of skill, but the solemn agreement between us must be that the man who loses withdraws from the field, leaving the other fellow's way clear to win the prize. Six months will decide the matter. If at the end of that time the winner of the race sees that he has no chance, he must retire and give way to the other. If the girl rejects him before the expiration of the time, he must immediately notify No. 2 and withdraw. What do you think of it?"

"Agreed to, with all my heart."

"Your hand on it."

We clasped hands heartily, and promised on honor to abide by the terms of our compact.

Soon it became noised about that Jack Hamilton of Harvard and Bob Fales of Columbia were to pull a double-scull race for honor and glory the day after the big regatta; and, as we were both representative men and crack oarsmen, our struggle began to be looked upon as one of the most important of the minor events. Daily we were pumped as to how and why the match was made; but we kept our own counsel, though I think a few of our immediate friends who had witnessed our rivalry made shrewd guesses that that had something to do with it. We both went into steady practice. We were, as Jack said, very evenly matched. He tipped the scale at 167, I at 165, and both were in excellent condition. The day that was to decide so much for us at length arrived, and was a beautiful one. The sun shone brightly, and scarcely a breath of air rippled the mirror-like surface of the lake. We could not have had better racing weather, and I felt that it would be the best man who should win. We were to pull two miles straightaway from the mile flag to the finish, and were to start at ten o'clock. A crowd of the boys prepared to follow us in all kinds of craft, and the Columbia and Harvard sixes were coming along in barges to pull the course with us and encourage us.

"May the best man win, old boy," called Jack as he paddled out past me to take his position.

"Amen!" cried I, and slowly backed in to where one of our men sat in a skiff to hold my shell until the start. In a few minutes all preliminaries were fixed.

"Are you ready?" called the starter from the press and judges' boat.

"All ready!"

In another second the sharp report of a pistol was heard. I dug my oars into the water, and we were off. For about twenty strokes I kept up the first spurt, and then glanced at Jack. He was nearly half a length behind, but was pulling a long, steady stroke with tremendous "go" and power in it. Then I settled down to my work, and made the boat fairly spin through the water. At the quarter I was leading by a length, but Jack spurted desperately, and, cheered by the encouraging "Rah! rah! rah!" of the Harvard boys, pulled himself even at the half. It was anybody's race so far. As if by mutual agreement, we eased up a little now to get wind for the last struggle. As we passed the mile-flag we were rowing abreast. Then "Go in, Jack!" came from the Harvard boys, and Jack put on steam and went ahead. A yell of a cheer from the New-Yorkers followed as I spurted and again brought the boats' noses level. Then I began to put all that was in me of strength and skill into my work. I seemed to have the power of a giant in my arms. The thought of the stake to be won or lost nerved me to my best. I pulled nearly half a length ahead, but Jack stuck to me, and I could not shake him off. He answered spurt for spurt; at one moment he would be up even, then slightly ahead, then behind again. We could hear the roar of applause from the grand-stand and the shores. Our partisans in the press boat, and the others accompanying us, were yelling themselves hoarse with excitement. We passed the last flag; a few seconds more would decide. I put on a tremendous spurt. I drew half a length ahead, when suddenly I felt the boat's way checked. My oars caught in a mass of hay and weeds that had been floated from the banks by the high water. Desperately I drove through it, but I was too late. The couple of seconds' delay was fatal, and, though I pulled my best, pulling as I was for something as valuable as life itself, it was no use. Jack crossed the line winner by half a length. The crowd, the banks, the flags, became blurred before my eyes, and I believe I would have fainted but that some friendly hands dashed water in my face and lifted me out of the boat. I recovered at once, shook hands with Jack, whispered hoarsely to him: "God bless you, old man—you and her!" and hurried away. I could not bear to see Mamie, and so I left a note at the hotel for Will, stating that sudden business had called me home. Within an hour I was on the express, speeding for New York. When I reached home I told my mother all. She coincided with my views that travel and change of scene were the best cure; so in less than a week's time I was en route for California.

Where I went and what I did mattered little; I could not get over the heartache. I was lying in a hunter's cabin in the wilds of the Sierra Nevadas one day, brooding in a most melancholy manner, when it suddenly occurred to me that the six months of Jack's probation had nearly expired. Suppose he had been unsuccessful! I had heard nothing of the progress of his suit. Suppose Mamie had rejected him! I sprang to my feet, and in a remarkably short space of time I had everything packed, had bidden good-bye to my host, and was going at a rapid gait on my good horse, bound home. In a week's time I was in New York, and lost no time in getting home.

"Where's Jack?" was almost the first question I asked.

"He's at home," said my sister Annie, "and I guess Mamie Howlette has given him his walking-papers. Anyway, he's awful stupid; no fun in him at all."

My heart gave a sudden bound. Had Mamie rejected him? I suppose my face betrayed my thoughts, for I heard Annie cry out mischievously: "Another victim!" as I hastily snatched my hat and left the house. I found Jack at home, and we exchanged cordial greetings. He looked haggard and wretched.

"I was just going to write to you, Bob. It's your turn. I've tried my luck, and lost."

Then he told me how assiduously he had devoted himself to Mamie, but without success. He said she seemed preoccupied and thoughtful, and there was a sadness about her face and speech that puzzled him. At last he offered himself, and was refused.

"She did it as gently as she could, dear girl, and I know she felt sorry for me, for she saw what a terrible blow it was. I knew her decision was irrevocable; so I came home here to write to you. And I tell you, Bob, it's my private opinion that the girl loves *you*. Go and see her."

I looked at my watch. It was just four o'clock. In two hours' time I could be in New York.

"Good-bye, Jack."

"Good-bye, and God bless you, old man—you and her!"

Without going home, I darted to the depot, caught a train, and was whirling over the rails at a rate of speed that seemed slow to me. I got over Thirty-fourth-street ferry, jumped into a hack, told the driver where to go, and in fifteen minutes was at the well-known door.

"You'll find Miss Mamie in the back parlor, sir," said the Irish servant-girl, who knew me, and, with the intuition of her race, knew whom I wanted to see.

I softly opened the door. Yes, there she was, looking out of the window. She turned as I entered, but did not recognize me in the dark.

"Well, sir," said she, coming forward.

"Mamie!" said I, holding my arms out.

She looked a second, and then, with a glad cry of surprise and happiness, she came to my outstretched arms.

Over the mutual explanations and all the rest that followed I will draw a veil. Suffice it to say that we are both happy, and that six months of hard law study and practice has brought more roseate hues to the life of Jack Hamilton; so that I believe that before the leaves fall again he and my sister Annie will be as happy as am I and the girl he won at a boat-race.

AN AQUARIUM in Cincinnati has had bad luck with its whales. Several of the small white kind have died there. In the stomach of the last were found a large number of stones and the bottom of a beer-mug, which had been swallowed.

SHAKESPEARE ILLUSTRATED.

ARTISTIC WOOD-ENGRAVING OF THE BALCONY-SCENE IN "ROMEO AND JULIET."

Commemorative of Recent Performances in this City.

ROMEO.—But soft; what light through yonder window breaks? It is the east, and Juliet is the sun.—*Act II, Scene 2.*

DUDA DUDA DUM.

(A POEM OF WONDROUS BEAUTY, TRANSLATED FROM THE HERZEGOVINAN LANGUAGE EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER).

BY WILLIE GILL.

Michael Krakajokavitch did love
Fair Duda Duda Dum;
He from Novotsherkask did hail,
The maid from Erzeroum.
'Twas at Nakhitshewan they met,
This Russ and Turk so fair;
Though prior—at Ekaterinoslaf—
His love he did declare.
She on the road from Tiflis was,
He that from Perekoff,
When she was captured by the stern,
Grave General Poppemoff.
'Twas ever thus in childhood's hour,
True love gets in a muss;
Whether in Tagaurog or Kars,
Or sylvan Diogaruss.
Dangers oft had Michael scared
From Killa to Dubosary;
But not the greatest ever had
This Russian made so scary.
To Otschakoff he hurried off,
So grieved at loss of bliss,
And killed himself by drinking tea
In Philopolis.
Fair Duda married Poppemoff,
In great Vladikapkas;
For, sooth to say, this Turkish maid
Was a very fickle lass.
But Retribution waits on those
Who false to Cupid are.
Of a surfeit of roast-dog she did die
In strong Diarbekar.
From Simferopol to Burzeo,
Ardaban to Kishenee,
A cry of griet went up for him,
A cry of scorn for she.
And now the poets of Kisareah,
And those of Djinarikum
Bewail the fates of Michael K.
And his lovely Duda Dum.

PAYING OUT THE PRIEST.

AN IRISH STORY, AS TOLD BY THE SEXTON.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY HENRY LLEWELLYN WILLIAMS.

I am not giving to talking (said the sexton), but I don't object to repeating a little story of my father's time, for he was the sexton of Belrath afore me.

I don't know what is coming to the old-fashioned build of prastes. It was Father Shamus—pace and glory to him!—was *my* model of the prastehood whin I was young, and I've held fast to that iday of the calling to this hour I breathe. But whin he was but fresh come to Belrath, him and Squire Malloy had a little tiff together. The ould road wound about like a man in no hurry to be home wid his wife, and faix! there was bits here and there whin you run off ov it altogether, and poked your nose, or your horse's, into a cabin before you rightly knew where ye'd left it.

Well, there was a bit yonder, where all the woods is cut down these fifteen year, that had the bad name intirely. Oh, and justly, too. Many's the packman was lost the trace of there or thereabouts, and you could make a fencible officer bonp—either that, or fare name of the Bogwood, and thim Gaffneys.

The Gaffneys were the ould man and four sons that a giant would have been proud of. They were noted for shooting so true and clane that an aigle wouldn't have been safe from thim but he was well up in the clouds. They kilt any mortal thing that flew, or run, or crept, or swum—ov phisants belonging to the Squire, or perch not to be tuk out of the pond, or salmon from the shtrames, and the laugh of thim! The fright they gave kep thim masters of the wood like the desart is free from the lion. The agent, Mr. Crumlaun, niver so much as wrote him a demand-note for rint. And who would he find to take it? For not a soul risked his skin to come nigh thim, always barrin' the spirit-hankers. For they had an iligant still of their own, thim Gaffneys.

It was a little low cabin they lived in, with one window, framed in rusty iron out of the ruins—looking like the wan-eyed Cullender in the story-books of "The 'Rabian Knights," stuck in a clump of oaks just a toss back of the road. A couple of stones' throws off was the bog, black as your hat, sir, or my pipe. That's drained now, and has the illway roading over it, but thin sloughing smooth and traitorous, with nothin' going near it but the blaguard parsons—sure I mane by that ownly the crows. It was called by the boys the Graveyard of the Gaffneys. It was in there—och, they found the bones by shoals whin they drained it—in the thick of his haunts. Many men was put away. All the time sorra a wan offered to say the black word agin 'em while wan of the family was free, and the magistrates feared for their property if the tinder-box got about of a night of high wind.

So like Gaffneys did as they plased, an' wint about everywheres, like bad weather.

Well, it was in his green years, as I was a-say-in', that Father Shamus Mallory took the offices here. He hadn't striven one ould crature and another before he found all the sins of the county laid on Gaffney and Gaffney and his brood.

"Tis a bitter, blazin' shame and *scandalous mag.*," says he, "to lit thim parade their iniquity widhout a reprimand," he says.

"Perhaps you are the gentleman to take ould Nick by the horns," observed me father, not in his hearin', av course, for he had no great likin' for thim young prasers.

"I was sake for religion that had made the ryp in' probates hate him, but he was now young to be ready for a martydumb. His heart beat like a blacksmith's finishing-hammer whin he spied the terrible cabin. The smoke was on the rise among the trees, being a bad sign that some of the family were indoors. He quickened his gait so as to pass unbeknown. But, millia murther! a man was there, and who was it but Ould Gaffney all the while, wid his long, black gun in his hand, grinning in the teeth of the wind, though it was ould enough to freeze the divil's tail on—saving your prisince. He was an inch and better than six feet high, his red hair beginning to shilver, and down upon his shoulder thick enough to make a barber crazy if he had the cutting of it for a penny. Father Shamus was weak and pale, and it would have took seven of his like to make one such parish-praste as his eight pallbearers staggered under the day of tears when he was put in the blessed ground. Amin! On seeing the praste, ould Nick Gaffney stepped out.

"It's a-lookin' that I've been expectin', father," says he in his rough voice.

"Expectin' me," repated Father Shamus, who had niver intinded to cross a flure wid him or share his shelter. "Do you need my offices, thin?"

"Is it me? It's a fine high opinion I have of your capacity, for I can't go do my duty or attind mass whin you sing so quare and hammer away so long wid your sermons."

"D'ye think like the barbarians," said the praste, "that the gospel can be fed out of a mill by a funnel? If you have no need of a cast of my office, how can I be of any service to you, Mr. Gaffney?"

"I'll explain the mather to you before a rousin' beech-log fire that I have in there. You shake *wid the could*, I see."

"I'd much rather you'd come dine at my house, and your son, Nicholas junior, the proud, thriving boy. I think I am bounden to see him overlooking some roughness of mine in regard to what I said at Easter ——"

"Arrye, but Nick will be home in a twinkle," said the ould rogue sharply; "then yees can pay him in meat or meal! I niver saw a boy more ready to settle accounts wid anybody, big or little!"

Poor young Father Shamus felt like a mouse betune a cat and her kittens, and, wid half a show, he'd have fled as quick as a woman thinks. But the ould rascal cocked his gun, and gave a squint up and down the road, and tuk him by the arms.

"Sure, my house isn't set up on sand like the one you mentioned out of the Scriptures, and not a timber will fall on your head—so come in."

Egog! whin he got the praste within, he bowlted the door, and stood his gun agen the wall. Thin he opened a cupboard, and an admiration it was to see the spread of weppings—knives, axes, guns, pistles, blunderbushes, and all thim tools. All he took out, though, was a Spanish sailor's knife, such as they bring to Cork, and he began to put a fine point on it with an oilstone. The praste's legs bent under him so that he had to take a sate.

"That's clever," said Ould Gaffney, grinning. "Make yourself heartily at home, only I'd advise ye to change your stool. There's a powdher-flask undher you there, an', if a spark shud fly out of the hearth, divil a bit of your consecrated skin but would be paperin' the walls an' ayether."

His riverence found another sate, wid a knell in his ears and a fog over his eyes, and he was so hot and cowld that he forgot even the aisiest of his prayers. Howiver, there was a sociable bottle of whiskey on the table and a horn-tumbler, it looked like a spittle, and the divil a bit of his mouth but was in his lips, and he dhrank mechanically. The stuff gave him courage to face the ould butcher, who was edging his knife on the stone.

"Mr. Gaffney," says he, "what would you kill me for? I'm a poor penny I have now. Wait till I am a rich praste, and carry something better than this ould silver watch, that my father gave me to kape in mimory of him."

"Show us," said Gaffney. "Is this the thing you brag of! It goes well, does it?" axed he, putting his good ear to it.

"It's better than the church-clock," said Father Shamus stoutly. "But Hiven let it rest light on him. The thafe that had robbed him of it would have been at laste five shillin's out of pocket."

"Then kape it to rigulate it by. Is it watches? I have more watches than you have manners," says Gaffney, opening a box and displayin' a skillet full if thim, and more of gould than silver, if you will belave me.

And him whetting the knife while he talked, saints be good to us!

"Mr. Gaffney," said the young praste agen, "don't you know that homicide is abominable, and likewise contrary to the laws of Hiven and his Majesty the King; and the worst of all crimes is the murder of a praste, being sacrilege? *Sacrilegium consummatum horridem est*," says he, and that's a big word; but Gaffney put the finish on the knife-mather, thick of his thumb. "One drop of my blood on your hands will prevent you going by Saint Peter at the gates. It is written that thou shalt not slay the Lord's anointed."

"Written by the prastes," said Gaffney cunningly.

"If I had my book here I would show you the text," said his riverence boldly.

"Well, since you can't bring me further, now you have had your say," answered Gaffney, cool as the snow on the roof that blew down the chimney now and then, "tell me which is the blackest crime: to kill a man's reputation from the pulpit, or take his life in the woods?"

"That's thrue," said Father Shamus. "I *was* hard spoken agen yees. I own that I forgot the precept about bearing false witness, and I will even own that I do chant a thrifle out of tchune; but, though I am a praste, I have a family dependint on me. My sister and her two children—orphan children, Mr. Gaffney—and I would I could put them on their knees here to ax the mercy of their uncle."

There was a chapter of aven more affecting things that he said, till Ould Gaffney rose, widout any change in his butcher-eye.

"I believe the hide isn't very tough," said he, "and this will do."

Father Shamus might have run him through wid the umbrella, but he niver thought of that. He only brushed his cossack where the ould scoundrel laid his hand, and says he with scorn:

"Touch me not, *kudiga me tangera*," says he, "save with your steel!"

He kicked a door open, and let him pass before him into the yard. The snow was dotted with red drops, broadening out into patches, where some man had rested while bearing a bleeding corpse. A little door in a shed opened like a family vault. The very life was ready to start out of the poor young praste, and his heart sunk like a stone whin he saw in the shed, under a stained shroud, a hideous shape, head down and heels in the air! It was the slaughter-house of thim devils the Gaffneys. Sawney Bean an' his family was cherubims to thim!

It was a sorrerful iday of Father Shamus that he was to be cut off like a shape, whin all the principles (principals) at his collidge had said he would rache a bishoprick fair an' aisy in time.

"Half a minute!" was all he said, though.

"An' for what?"

"To pray for the forgiveness of your soul, mine own, and that of this unhappy brother, whom I knew not in life, perhaps, but who may share the same grave in that frozen bog!"

"I'll have no waste of good words over him, the glutton!" said Gaffney. "Though he laves several of his relations, I belave his death won't fret them from growin' up round and jolly."

Wid that he took off the cloth and showed a calf, finely dressed. Oh, the desate of it! though the praste could not join in the laugh.

"You shant share his grave," said the ould man, "but you shall have a piece at table. It's only a calf of thim wild cattle of Lord Bathmore's, that runs in my forest."

He cut off a quarter, and welcome.

"And since it's not so heavy, you shall have a brace of rabbits with it. And I'll carry the little presint to your dhure."

"And why was the fright given me?"

"To tache you, being young, not to thrust to appearances."

And so he saw the praste to his dhure, but he would not go in lest he'd throuble Father Shamus' sister. Och, the praste had the luck of thousands!

"And were these Gaffneys good enough people, after all?"

Good! They wint haymaking in England afther the crowther brigade demolished their cabin, and a warrant as long as my spade was out for them, and niver were heard of agin.

"Niver?"

Well, the postmaster opened a letther to the Widdy Dunn wanst, she being departed to glory, and he said it was from her nephew, Jack, who had met the Gaffneys in Australia, where they were all doing well. But sorra a one will you get here to belave that, or that Jack wasn't murthered.

VOMAN'S LOAF.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

Voman's loaf, dot's a funny ding;
Der first dime she vired like saurkraut;
Of you don'd got money, dot soon vas shdale,
Like beer in der keg ven der bung vos out.

OOFTY GOOFY.

AN ACTOR'S TRUNK.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

A massive square of battered zinc,
With worn and rusted lid—
What splendors of the mimic world
Within its walls are hid!
"Court dresses," "hanbucks," "shirts" and ["shapes,"]
All styles of wig and shoe,
That represent so many lands
When worn the season through.

What treasures to the actor's heart
It holds in secret nooks!
The "notices" he keeps with pride,
The "bills" and curious books;
Perchance a faded leaf or bud,
Or dainty ringlet curled,
That whispers of a youthful love
Unknown to all the world.

A trunk of travel—it could tell
Of many a strange escape,
When baggage-fiends had wildly sought
To mar its sturdy shape—
Or "seasons" closed before their time,
That sank the actor's hoard,
When cruel landlords in a rage
Had heid it back for board.

Of rainy days in dismal towns
(Who has not spent them there?)
When all the treasures it contained
Were taken out with care—
When swords were burnished, wigs recombed,
Tights darned, and sandals bound,
And for the supper "coat of mail"
Some great improvements found.

It, too, might tell of wearying "parts"
The actor had to learn—
Of sleepless nights in "study" spent
That brought a bright return—
Of "characters" dezerted with skill
From life in every form,
Through which he made his great success,
Which took the town by storm.

Of "suppers," when the play was done,
Composed of frugal cheer;
The staple of the banquet cheese,
The "wassail" simply beer—
Of all the thousand sights and sounds
That near the actor reign,
And help compose his varied life
Of pleasantness and pain.

ED. E. KIDDER

THE MAGIC LENS.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY JAMES WICHT.

It is, as it were, born in some maidens that they should wish to please everything that has eyes. Others please, in spite of themselves, by the talisman of their beauty alone; and the man who wastes the bloom of his heart upon them draws water, like the Danaides, with pitchers full of holes.

At eighteen Eva Henriques was beautiful, and gifted with perfect health and the arbitrary disposal of great wealth. Her guardian resided in Paris—an old man given up to pleasure, and not likely to feel much interest in a young girl. Eva grew up naturally, subject to fits of overwrought passion, weary before she had emerged from her teens of playing the tyrant, yet knowing no law for her conduct but the impulse of her own caprice. When Eva learnt to love Henry Musgrave, she seemed to her governess to be suddenly transformed into a new woman being. She seemed to become sweet, gentle, good. His praise seemed to pour into her being a meeker and loftier soul. She smiled upon everyone, and spoke so kindly and softly that the domestics looked at her in amazement.

The scene was in Northern Italy. One evening Henry and Eva walked together along a valley threaded by a silver stream. Around them, smiling in the warm light, lay gardens and vineyards; and the walls of the scattered dwellings glistened among the rich wrappings of amber and olive-colored foliage. Their eyes were ravished with mellow harmonies of light and color. Eva was a happy, timid, thankful creature, as her hand lay in that of her lover while he softly whispered the tale of his love.

The sun had reached the verge of the Alps, but a lingering ray, bright as a gleaming lance, fell in golden splendor upon Eva's head. In a solitary remarkable manner a tablet bearing the legend that "Borachio Owlstonio" was a revealer of fate and an interpreter of the future.

"Such a cell Friar Laurence might have occupied when Shakespeare's lovers sought his services in the early days of their love," said Eva.

"Let us call upon the astrologer," suggested Eva.

As they rapped at the closed door, the last ray of the sun vanished. In after years Henry Musgrave regarded that departing sunbeam as prophetic.

The patriarch who answered their summons was one of those strange, half human individuals whom they find in old story-books. His tall, bent figure was covered with a black serge-gown, gathered closer around the waist by a girdle composed of glittering stones. On his head he wore a black-velvet skull-cap. His hair and his beard commingled, and were long and ample and white. His little eyes were black and as restless as basilisks'. The apartment was about twenty feet square, divided by a curtain suspended by rings to the low ceiling. The outer apartment, where they found themselves, had its walls decorated with extraordinary diagrams of the occult sciences, a pair of large globes, a huge telescope, several ancient folio-volumes, mathematical instruments, three or four bleached and grinning skulls, and the cabalistic or magical word invented by Lerenus Samonicus, "abracadabra," crowded a large centre-table.

"What wish have you with me, young people?" asked the sorcerer, eyeing his visitors suspiciously.

"Know the mysteries of the future, if you can accommodate us!" replied Eva with characteristic impetuosity.

"Such knowledge is not always a blessing. Gather the roses of life while they are yet yours. Depart in peace. Who wishes to consult the unwritten pages of Destiny must come at midnight and—alone."

As they journeyed homeward, Henry was mirthful at the expense of Signor Borachio Owlstonio and his surroundings. But Eva was silent and thoughtful.

"I wonder if he really does possess superhuman power or knowledge," she said, half musing. "I wouldn't like to see anything dreadful; but I'd like to look into the magic mirror and see you and me, say twenty years hence. I might be in heaven, you know, and you married again."

"What nonsense, Eva!" and they parted for the night. Despite the remonstrances of her companion-governess, that respectable and prudish lady was constrained to accompany the willful heiress to the astrologer's cell at the dead hour of night, and to stand trembling outside while the venturesome Eva explored the dread arcana within. With the exception of naming his fee, which was instantly paid, the man had little to say except to give a necessary direction or two. She was conducted to a low seat within the inner room. The light was extinguished. The darkness was intense. Yet the girl was calm and self-possessed.

Suddenly, like the low breathings of an Æolian lyre, sounds of music reached her ear. Almost simultaneously the circular mirror before her was illuminated, faintly at first, revealing architectural aisles in dim perspective like a partially developed photograph. Then the mirror became took the vivid distinctness of a perfect miniature. The scene was a church-interior. A group were gathered at the altar-rails. A clergyman, in his robes, was behind. A youthful couple were being married. The groom's features were as handsome as those of a god. His stature was kingly. He possessed the youthful symmetry of Apollo. His large, hazel eyes sparkled with fond adoration as he placed the ring upon his bride's white finger.

Eva had been forbidden to speak; but her suspense and curiosity were absolute torture as she devoured the scantily-seen form of the bride. The profile was averted, but the transfixed beholder seemed to recognize in the turn of the shoulders and the head somewhat of a fuller embodiment—a more matured development of her present self. The pale, golden hair was like her own; but oh! for one ever so transient glance, to satisfy herself of the identity!

"Signor," she said.

The picture vanished.

"You have violated my instructions and dissolved the charm," he said.

"I could not see the countenance of the bride," she said as the magician furnished a light.

"You do not need my assistance to see her. Look in your mirror. That will disclose her."

She believed him implicitly. The idea of a trick never entered her mind. She was almost sorry, on Henry's account, that she had consulted the sorcerer. Yet the mere consultation could have no influence with her destiny. Evidently, it was written in heaven that she should not marry Henry Musgrave. It was a pity for Henry; but as far as she was concerned—well, to put it mildly, the glorious being to whom she was fated had mated her was to Henry as hyperion to a satyr.

On the whole, therefore, she thought it was better that she had been forewarned in time. "Scenes," and such like sentimental unpleasantness, would be averted.

The disappointment, sorrow and humiliation of the young man when the imperious heiress cast him off may be left to the imagination of the reader. She had discharged "the duty," as she called it, as delicately as possible. She never alluded to the astrologer's mirror; but she said she had been taking counsel with her inner nature, and that the feeling she entertained for him was not love, and could never become love.

The young man, with blanched cheek and tremulous voice, suggested a temporary cessation of their courtship. She shook her head, and there was that in her look which made him despair. So they parted. * * * *

Henceforth, like Noah's dove, Eva Henriques found no rest for her feet. From city to city, from country to country, from continent to continent, she wandered, searching for her fated mate. Years slipped past in the feverish shadow-quest. Of fuller vitality, more imperious desires, surrounded by homage wherever she went, her temper did not improve. There were men whom she felt she could love. It was hard that she might not love, because she was not free! Sometimes her faith wavered. Had the vision been a mere magic-lantern production? Often, when she sat before her mirror and let down the heavy waves of golden hair on her white shoulders—those large, round, marble shoulders which kindled flashing fires in men's eyes—it seemed hard that she should thus be relegated to an enforced virginity. She was no ascetic, by either principle or temperament; but she was learning the bitter lesson that credulity is the severest of task-masters.

One evening she made one of a brilliant theatre-party in an American city. It was the first night of a new play, devised and constructed to exhibit to distracting advantage the shining qualities of the masculine star. He was the most heroic of heroes, and performed prodigies of love-making and valor. When he first appeared on the stage, in the second scene, dressed as an officer of the British Grenadier Guards, fairly mesaiced with tassels and gold lace, the feminine heart of the audience gave a mighty bound. When he waved his sword in the air and rushed off to annihilate the foe, it was the poetry of motion combined with the ecstacy of moustache. When he returned with his sword-arm in a sling, and was made a general by his sovereign, every damsel beheld in him a compound embodiment of Mars and Apollo, worthy of every mundane honor. But in him Eva Henriques had beheld destiny! She watched him with a paroxysm of passion. Her agitation made her dizzy. When he embraced a stage-divinity she almost swooned.

"Eva dear, what ails you?" asked an amiable young gentleman who adored her at a distance.

"Don't speak to me!" she said without withdrawing her eyes from the stage.

When the curtain fell she was dazed—trembling—feverish—incoherent—boisterously rude, by turns. Before she retired she penned a remarkable letter to Herbert Ravenscroft the actor, whose real name was Thomas Smith.

Next day the usual scattering fire of appreciative female missives, perfumed and sugary, reached the elegant apartment of the "star actor." Lighting he tossed them aside, until the bold chirography and unusual language of a short note signed "Eva Henriques" arrested his serious attention.

"By Jove! that's a curious billet-doux," he mused. "You would have sought me, or at least we would have infallibly have met, whether I had penned this note or not. This was revealed to me six years since.' What does she mean? She writes like 'an astrologer or sear of eld.' I must really grant her interview out of curiosity, if not pity, poor thing."

The meeting took place. The star, comporting himself like a stage Chesterfield, approached Miss Henriques with an air of easy yet courteous familiarity. His features were noble, and his fine eyes found abundant occupation in scanning the dazzling charms of the gorgeously-attired hourl before him. He was a worshiper ere he had been afforded sufficient opportunity to admire. The unquestionable evidences of wealth and the decorence of her

AMUSEMENT ANNALS--CLIPPER SERIES, NO. XXVI.

ORIGINAL CAST OF "THE LADY OF LYONS."

Bulwer's imperishable play had its first presentation during the comparatively brief period when William C. Macready was lessee of Covent-garden Theatre. It was a period of reduced salaries, by the way, such actors as Elton and Mrs. Warner receiving respectively but £10 10s. and £10 per week, Mr. Vining and Mrs. Glover £9. 10s., and Miss Shirreff being razed to £18 to appear in the comic-opera of "Amalie, or the Love Test," which was new in December of 1838. Bulwer had called his play "The Adventurer," but to this title Macready would not hearken, and it was changed to "The Lady of Lyons, or Love and Pride." It was not until Feb. 24, 1838, when its success seemed assured, that Bulwer was announced as the author. Of those in the cast, the whereabouts of Miss Garrick, Mrs. Griffith, and Mrs. East, as well as of Mr. Holmes, are unknown to us. Elton the comedian went down in the packet Pegasus, on the voyage from Leith to Hull, Eng., July 18, 1843. Drinkwater Meadows died in England on June 12, 1869. George Bartley, who had already played in this country with his wife (formerly Miss Smith), who was in England the successor of Mrs. Siddons and was in turn succeeded, or rather eclipsed, by Miss O'Neill (afterwards Lady Becher), died in London July 22, 1858, eight years after his wife. Robert Strickland died there May 19, 1845; Henry Howe is still playing in London; the Pritchard who was the Captain Dupont was probably a son of John Langford Pritchard, actor and manager, who died on Aug. 5, 1850; the Roberts who played Major Desmoulins, became manager of the Strand Theatre in 1845, and we think is the same who married Miss Rebecca Isaacs the vocalist. She died in London a few months ago, but her husband survives. Edwin Yarnold died there Dec. 29, 1848; Charles Bannister Diddear died Oct. 21, 1858; William Charles Macready died April 27, 1873, and was buried on the following May 4 in Kensal Green; Charles Bender, who was for thirty years calboy of Covent-garden, died in London July 26, 1857; and Mrs. W. Clifford died there Sept. 5, 1850. Miss Helen Faucit became Mrs. Theodore Martin, and is residing in England. Until about twenty-eight years ago, her sister, who was a choice Ophelia on the English stage, was well known in this country, where she died.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

This evening, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1838, will be produced a new play, in five acts, called
THE LADY OF LYONS, OR LOVE AND PRIDE.

The scene is laid at Lyons and the neighborhood. The action of the play comes between the years 1790 and 1795. Beauseant, a rich gentleman of Lyons.....Mr. Elton
Glavis, his friend.....Mr. Meadows
Colonel (afterwards General) Damas.....Mr. Bartley
Mons. Deschappelles, a Lyonnese merchant.Mr. Strickland
Captain Gervais.....} Officers in the Republican } Mr. Howe
Captain Dupont.....} Army. } Mr. Pritchard
Major Desmoulins.....} } Mr. Roberts
Landlord of the Golden Lion.....Mr. Yarnold
Gaspar.....Mr. Diddear | Claude Melnotte.....Mr. Vining
Servants.....Mr. Collett, Mr. Bender
Notary.....Mr. Holmes
Madame Deschappelles.....Mrs. Clifford
Pauline Deschappelles.....Miss Helen Faucit
The Widow Melnotte.....Mrs. Griffith
Janet.....Mrs. East | Marian.....Miss Garrick

To conclude with (42d time) an original, new Musical, Comical, Historical, Pastoral, Grand Christmas Pantomime, called

HARLEQUIN AND PEEPING TOM OF COVENTRY,
OR
THE LADYE GODIVA AND THE WITCH OF WARWICK.

PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS AND ORDER OF THE SCENERY:

Fields of Fungi in the Osier Island, and view of the ancient city of Coventry by moonlight.—Mother Holly (the Witch of Warwick), Mr. Yarnold; Edith (the Mayor's daughter, called the Rose of Coventry), Miss Fairbrother; Nicolas Nimbletongue (the parish orator), Mr. Collett —High street, Coventry, in the year 1052, and workshop of Tom (the cooper—Peeping Tom (the cooper of Coventry; in love with Edith), Mr. C. J Smith; Daggobert Donkeybrain (the Mayor of Coventry), Mr. F. Clarke; Sheriffs, Messrs. Thorne and Shalcrape; Beadle, Mr. Paulo.—Ignorant impatience of taxation and the awful ceremony of attempting to read the Riot Act—Berkhamstead Castle, the domains of Leofric, Earl of Mercia—Return of the Earl from the wars, attended by his Porcupine Guard, and grand procession—Leofric (Sovereign Earl of Mercia and Baron of Berkhamstead), Mr. W. H. Payne; the fair Godiva (his lovely wife), Mlle. Frederica Fatty-Ma-Fenton); Withred Bugleblast (warden of Berkhamstead Castle), Mr. Bannister; Wildwolf Quartercoat (the herald), Mr. Bender. Citizens of Coventry relieved by the imposition of a Window Tax—The Silver Saloon leading to the sleeping-chamber of Godiva.—The old cross and market-place of Coventry, from which is seen the steeple of St. Michael's Church —Herbert Reliefchapper the crier (proclamation, with bell obligato), Mr. Paul Bedford—Inside of Tom's house—Window bolt and Thunder-bolt. The transformation: Harlequin, Mr. C. J. Smith; Columbine, Miss Fairbrother; Pantaloon, Mr. F. Clark; Clown, Mr. Jefferoni. Lodgings for invalids in a quiet neighborhood—Pursuit—Getting into hot water—Send for the doctor—"Throw physic to the dogs"—Repose necessary—Try again—Confusion worse confounded—The golden gridiron—Copperplate printers and office of *The Mirror of Parliament*—Out of the frying-pan into the fire—Fancy snuffs—Bills to be presented—Whigs and Tories—A well known view of China—Printers' devils nearly allied to the soot bag—World Inn—Booking-office of the Warwickshire Hunt, and station of the London Parcels Delivery Company—Old King's Head, on the road to Fulham—Inn-yard and optician's shop—"Reform your tailor's bills"—How far that little candle throws its beams—The diorama, by Stanfield, consisting of views of Home and Abroad, comprising a series of views of the north of Italy, Switzerland, the Alps, Germany, through French Flanders to the sea, commencing at Mazorbo and Treviso in the Gulf of Venice, the Adda Milanese, Valley of Aosta at Villeneuve, and summit of the Col De Ben Homme by moonlight, Piedmont, Huy on the Meuse, the Hundsruck Mountains and Chateau Elz, British Channel, Temple Bar—Return of an old friend, and general reconciliation—The Banquet at Guildhall, and view of the procession near St. Paul's.

Hours, 8s.—second price, 2s. 6d; pit, 2s. 6d.—second price, 1s. 6d.; lower gallery, 1s. 6d—second price, 1s.; upper gallery, 1s.—second price, 6d.

KING LEAR, from the text of Shakespeare, will be repeated on Monday next.

Due notice will be given of the next representation of AMALIE, OR THE LOVE TEST.

PEEPING TOM OF COVENTRY will be acted this evening and every Monday night till further notice.

To-morrow will be acted a play, with a new comic opera called THE BLACK DOMINO, adapted from "Le Domino Noir," by Scribe, with (for the first time in this country) the whole of the original music by Auber. The principal characters by Mr. Wilson, Mr. Strickland, Mr. Hammond, Miss Shirreff, Miss P. Horton, Mrs. Serle, Mrs. East, Mrs. Garrick, and others.

On Saturday will be acted a play, with other entertainments.

On Monday will be repeated the tragedy of KING LEAR. King Lear, Mr. Macready; Duke of Albany, Mr. Diddear; Duke of Cornwall, Mr. Meadows; Earl of Kent, Mr. Bender; King of France, Mr. Howe; Karl of Kent, Mr. Bartley; Earl of Gloster, Mr. G. Bennett; Edgar, Mr. Elton; Edmund, Mr. Anderson; Oswald, Mr. Vining; Fool, Miss P. Horton; Goneril, Mrs. Clifford; Regan, Mrs. Warner, late Miss Huddart; Cordelia, Miss Helen Faucit. With PEEPING TOM OF COVENTRY.

On Tuesday Shakespeare's historical tragedy of JULIUS CÆSAR. Julius Cæsar, Mr. G. Bennett; Octavius Cæsar, Mr. Anderson; Mark Antony, Mr. Elton; Brutus, Mr. Macready; Cassius, Mr. Charles Cjece, Mr. Bartley; Calpharnia, Mrs. Clifford; Portia, Mrs. Warner.

A new farce, called MACKINTOSH & CO., will be produced in a few days. Mackintosh & Co., Mr. Power; Mr. Nicolas Nimbletongue (the parish orator), Mr. Collett —High street, Coventry, in the year 1052, and workshop of Tom (the cooper—Peeping Tom (the cooper of Coventry; in love with Edith), Mr. C. J Smith; Daggobert Donkeybrain (the Mayor of Coventry), Mr. F. Clarke; Sheriffs, Messrs. Thorne and Shalcrape; Beadle, Mr. Paulo.—Ignorant impatience of taxation and the awful ceremony of attempting to read the Riot Act—Berkhamstead Castle, the domains of Leofric, Earl of Mercia—Return of the Earl from the wars, attended by his Porcupine Guard, and grand procession—Leofric (Sovereign Earl of Mercia and Baron of Berkhamstead), Mr. W. H. Payne; the fair Godiva (his lovely wife), Mlle. Frederica Fatty-Ma-Fenton); Withred Bugleblast (warden of Berkhamstead Castle), Mr. Bannister; Wildwolf Quartercoat (the herald), Mr. Bender. Citizens of Coventry relieved by the imposition of a Window Tax—The Silver Saloon leading to the sleeping-chamber of Godiva.—The old cross and market-place of Coventry, from which is seen the steeple of St. Michael's Church —Herbert Reliefchapper the crier (proclamation, with bell obligato), Mr. Paul Bedford—Inside of Tom's house—Window bolt and Thunder-bolt. The transformation: Harlequin, Mr. C. J. Smith; Columbine, Miss Fairbrother; Pantaloon, Mr. F. Clark; Clown, Mr. Jefferoni. Lodgings for invalids in a quiet neighborhood—Pursuit—Getting into hot water—Send for the doctor—"Throw physic to the dogs"—Repose necessary—Try again—Confusion worse confounded—The golden gridiron—Copperplate printers and office of *The Mirror of Parliament*—Out of the frying-pan into the fire—Fancy snuffs—Bills to be presented—Whigs and Tories—A well known view of China—Printers' devils nearly allied to the soot bag—World Inn—Booking-office of the Warwickshire Hunt, and station of the London Parcels Delivery Company—Old King's Head, on the road to Fulham—Inn-yard and optician's shop—"Reform your tailor's bills"—How far that little candle throws its beams—The diorama, by Stanfield, consisting of views of Home and Abroad, comprising a series of views of the north of Italy, Switzerland, the Alps, Germany, through French Flanders to the sea, commencing at Mazorbo and Treviso in the Gulf of Venice, the Adda Milanese, Valley of Aosta at Villeneuve, and summit of the Col De Ben Homme by moonlight, Piedmont, Huy on the Meuse, the Hundsruck Mountains and Chateau Elz, British Channel, Temple Bar—Return of an old friend, and general reconciliation—The Banquet at Guildhall, and view of the procession near St. Paul's.

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Shakespeare's historical tragedy of CORIOLANUS, OR THE ROMAN MATRON, is in course of preparation.

All complaints of the delivery of these bills to be addressed (postpaid) to Mr. Maliani, at the stage-door of the theatre.

Vivat Regina. No money returned.

W. S. Johnson, Nassau Press, 6 Nassau street, Soho.

Before dismissing "The Lady of Lyons," it may be instructive to add that the original Claude Melnotte in America, so far as we can at present ascertain, was Edwin Forrest, at the Park Theatre, May 14, 1838. Unsulted as he was to the character, Forrest clung to it, playing it in this city so late as 1856. Charlotte Cushman was the first Mrs. Melnotte at the Park. As the original Pauline in England still survives, so does the presumptively original Pauline in America, in the person of the mother of Clara Fisher the vocalist. She was then Mrs. Richardson. Its first presentation in Boston was at the National Theatre, on May 16, 1838, George Jones (now Count Joannes) being Claude, his wife (the deceased Melinda Jones) the Pauline, G. G. Spear the Col. Damas, and the late Mrs. Rosalie Pelby the Widow. On the 24th of that month it was brought out at the Tremont, Boston, with Forrest as Claude, the late Mrs. George H. Barrett as Pauline, John Gilbert as Damas, and the deceased Mrs. Helen Muzzy as Widow Melnotte. Pittsburg, Pa., rivals Boston in the matter of bringing out "The Lady of Lyons," where it was finely played on May 16, 1838, for the benefit of Francis Courtney Wemyss, Claude and Pauline being impersonated respectively by the late Nathaniel H. Bannister and the late Mrs. Joseph Proctor, sister of William Warren the comedian.

The pantomime described at length in the foregoing bill was first produced on Boxing-night, Dec. 26, 1837. Lady Godiva has been presented in many shapes in England, but perhaps never more noticeably than when Miss Amy Sheridan, who afterwards appeared in this country with the Lydia Thompson Troupe, "developed" with the title role. Perhaps its most noticeable representation in this country was by the hapless Miss Winnetta Montague, when the same version in which Amy Sheridan had appeared in England was transplanted to these shores, but only to prove a signal failure. Of those in the cast of the pantomime at Covent-garden, the identity of Miss Fairbrother, who was once somewhat prominent, has escaped us through her marriage; C. J. Smith the pantomimist is still living in England; Paulo, the Beadle, was related to the noted dressed-clown Sig. Paulo; and Paul John Bedford, so-called as well as comedian, retired from the stage in 1869, after a service in London of forty-five years, and died in that city on Jan. 11, 1871. Some one of our numerous English readers will probably take the trouble to inform us who "Mlle. Frederica Fatty Ma-Fenton" was. We are likewise without any record of W. H. Payne, Mr. Collet, Mr. Jefferoni, F. Clarke and Mr. Bannister.

Of those named in the announcements, John Wilson, the Scotch tenor, made his American debut at the National Theatre, this city, on Oct. 13, 1838, as Jose Speckbacker in the opera of "Amalie," Going back to England in 1840, he returned to America after a few years, and while making a concert tour died in Montreal on July 5, 1849. William J. Hammond, likewise among the underlirings at Covent-garden, was the brother-in-law of the late Douglas Jerrold, and with him was comanager of the Strand Theatre in 1836-7, a season during which Jerrold himself became an actor. Subsequently Hammond became lessee of Drury-lane, and on Aug. 23, 1848, he died in London. Miss Jane Shirreff, who was to England what Mrs. Wood (Miss Paton) had been, and what Miss Louisa Pyne years afterwards became, made her American debut conjointly with John Wilson, but in the title-role of "Amalie." She returned to England in the Summer of 1840, became Mrs. Walcott, and has not since appeared in public. Of those underlined in "King Lear" and not elsewhere accounted for, Miss Priscilla Horton, who has been Mrs. German Reed for thirty years or more, is still before the public. Frederick Vining died in London on June 2, 1874; George Bennett, we think, is still living; Mrs. Warner, who visited America in 1851, and was mentioned in these "Annals" last week, died in London Sept. 24, 1854; and James R. Anderson, the tragedian, is still in the flesh. Of the underlirings for "Julius Cæsar," Samuel Phelps still follows his profession. That Macready, while engaging Phelps for Covent-garden, was still apprehensive of the consequences to his own popularity appears from Macready's own language: "Sent for *The Morning Herald* and read the account of Mr. Phelps' appearance, which seems to me a decided success. It depressed my spirits, though perhaps it should not do so. If he is greatly successful, I shall reap the profits; if moderately, he will strengthen my company. But an actor's fame and his dependent income is so precarious that we start at every shadow of an actor! It is an unhappy life!" The young histrion who thus struck terror to the soul of England's pride had made his London debut as Shylock the year before. The Power mentioned in connection with the farce of "Mackintosh & Co." was Tyrone Power, who was lost in the steamship President, which last left this port in March, 1841. Of Mrs. Serle, as of the Mr. Serle elsewhere named, we have no knowledge. The gentleman may have been the dramatic author of that name.

CLIPPER VARIETIES.

Comprising Negro Minstrelsy---Sentimental Ballads---Comic Songs---Theatrical Jokes ---Circus Reminiscences---Old Playbills---Banjo Eccentricities, Etc.

WRITTEN AND COLLATED FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

A SUMMER VACATION.

This is the midsummer of the actors' discontent, when nearly every theatre is closed for repairs, and the occupation of the histrion is gone. We have often shown you our actresses in the busy season, when engaged in the performance of those professional duties which have made them public favorites. For a short term, the actress, the dancer and the singer are all taking a holiday, airing themselves upon the mountain-top, drinking in the water of the springs, or submerging themselves in the sad sea-waves. Appended we present you with a tableau of our professional friends:

AT THE SEASIDE, WITH REAL WATER.

Whether you see them in the privacy of their own households, or at the theatre, or in the enjoyment of a Summer vacation, they always adapt themselves to the situation, and take life as it comes, with its bitterness, its sweetness, its joys; our tableau shows some of our friends cooling themselves among the breakers that wash the beach on old Long Island's sea-girt shore. While they are thus disporting themselves, we have to give a little incident about

A WOULD-BE MANAGER.

Some people who reside in the interior towns, and gain their ideas of show-life from the little strolling companies that occasionally visit them, are apt at times to aspire to become managers. So, turning over a copy of THE NEW YORK CLIPPER, when the numerous advertisements of "managers" caught their eye, one who they think will prove most successful, and at once address a letter to the manager, never supposing for an instant that their offer will not be immediately accepted. Edward Rice, manager of the "Evangeline" Troupe, while traveling a few months ago received the following letter, a copy of which, *verbatim et literatim*, we append, only suppressing the name of the aspiring speculator. It will be observed that he says little about what *he* will do beyond giving the munificent sum of $300 per week (about the expenses of the services of the entire troupe; but he does say a great deal about what Mr. Rice may do:

CATSKILL, April 16, 1877.

EDWARD RICE: What will you take for your troupe to travel on the road for five months, and *you* to furnish paper and half sheets for store windows, and you to furnish orchestra and agent and *you* to pay agent traveling expenses and I will furnish programs, Bagge, Bill Posting, hall and other expenses and you bring troupe here and travel take charge of them and *you* can come on boat that leave Albany 7.30 A. M, and *you* can send agent to me on boat and have *him* give an order for your people and have the agent coalect it here at night in ticket office and *you* can send me a boat drawn up on your order and bank that *you* have got your money Disposit in 4 months with index and I will sign it have orchestra so that *you* can form them in a brass Band if *you* can I will give you 300 dollars a week and you pay acters and orchestra.

Yours truly, Catskill, N. Y.

P S Admission 50c gallery 25 recerv seats 75 cts.

I will give you 300 a week and you pay orchestra and actors.

AFTER THE BATH.

Like Venus refreshed after immersion in the sea, we call your attention to one of our waternymphs, who, having made her toilet after the bath, will now endeavor to entertain you by singing

He is Holding the Fort at the Beautiful Gates.

IN MEMORY OF THE LATE P. P. BLISS.

BY JOHN T. RUTLEDGE.

[RIGHTS FOR MUSIC RESERVED.]

He is holding the fort by the beautiful gates,
With the banner of glory unfuried,
And the angels around him their stories relate
How he conquered the sin of the world;
But the fray is all over, and glory is won,
And he's wearing the laurels most bright;
The pilgrimage over, his work here is done,
And he's crossed o'er the river of light.

Chorus.

He is holding the fort by the beautiful gates,
His work is complete—all is well.
He has gone to the land where sweet happiness waits,
What happiness no one can tell.

He is holding the fort at the beautiful gates,
Where praises are sung 'round the throne;
There is joy in the land, where happiness waits,
For the Master is come to His own.
The beautiful songs that he sang on the earth
Are echoed in heavenly pleasure and mirth,
Where the King in His glory is nigh.

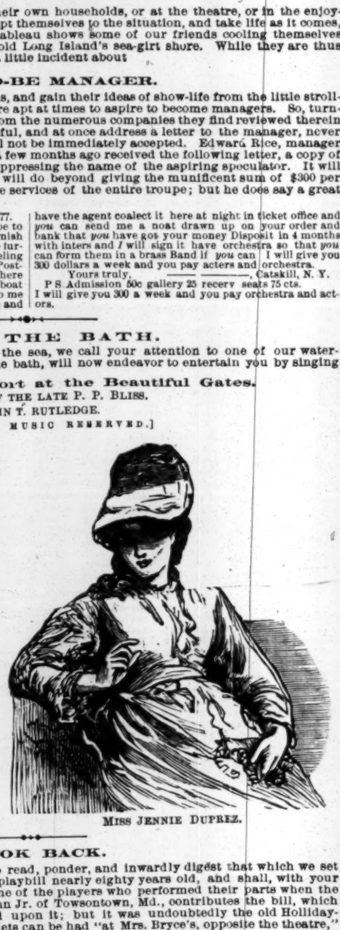
Chorus.

He is holding the fort by the beautiful gates,
His work is complete and well;
He has gone to the land where sweet happiness waits,
What happiness no one can tell.

He is holding the fort by the beautiful gates—
Yes, the fort made of beauty and love.
May we all meet him there, where happiness waits,
And dwell in the mansions above.
O singer of peace! Don't return nevermore,
And the thought fills our sad hearts with pain—
May we meet you at last on that beautiful shore,
Where we'll never be parted again.

Chorus.

He is holding the fort at the beautiful gates,
His work is complete and well;
He has gone to the land where sweet happiness waits,
What happiness no one can tell.



MISS JENNIE DUPREZ.

A LOOK BACK.

While, in your retirement, you have time to read, ponder, and inwardly digest that which we set before you, we propose the resurrection of a playbill nearly eighty years old, and shall, with your kind permission, seek to learn what has become of the players who performed their parts upon the stage of Holliday-street, Baltimore. It will be noticed that tickets can be had "at Mrs. Bryce's, opposite the theatre," and at the time kept a saloon on the site of the present City Hall, on Holliday street.

The first Holliday-street, of which in 1798 we present a bill, and which was then under the management of Wignell & Reinagle, was opened Sept. 25, 1794.

Mr. Hardinge was the first representative of Wignell in Philadelphia. Thomas Wignell was a cousin of William Hallam, and had been sent to America by him, and he arrived here in October, 1774; but on the 24th of that month the Provincial Congress passed a resolution recommending the suspension of all amusements, which was regarded as law by all American patriots. Wignell and the other members of the company went to the West Indies. After the war Wignell returned and made his first appearance in this city, in the John-street Theatre, Nov. 21, 1785, actor, Leyson in "The Shamesker," and Squire Groom in "*Love a la Mode.*" He continued a member of that company until 1791, when, some dissension having arisen between Hallam and Henry, the managers, and himself, he withdrew and embarked in management for himself in Philadelphia. He secured the finest company ever then seen in America, and for many years held undisputed sway as a manager in that city. He married the celebrated Mrs. Merry (formerly Miss Brunton) Jan. 1, 1803, and died Feb. 23 following. John E. Harwood was an excellent comedian, and in his native country the best seen in America until the arrival of George Frederick Cooke. He married Miss Bache, a granddaughter of Benjamin Franklin, and died in Germantown Sept. 21, 1809, aged 38 years. William Francis in early life had been a dancer, but he excelled in impersonating buffo and blustering old men, also comic characters; he was connected with the Philadelphia stage for more than thirty years, and his dancing-school there was for a long time the most fashionable in the city. He retired in 1826, and died on the same year at the age of 69 years. Mr. Fox was a meritorious actor and an excellent vocalist. Owen Morris was a comic old man, who continued playing as long as age permitted, and until he had become shriveled by age and palsied in voice and action; he had previously acted with Hallam and Henry as far back as 1759. He died here in November, 1798. Mrs. Blisset was one of Wignell's original company, and appeared in French characters; he returned to England in 1821, and a few years afterwards inherited a considerable property, when he retired and led a life of ease. Wm. Warren was one of the best actors of the period. The following of his children also obtained eminence on the dramatic stage: Hester (subsequently Mrs. Wm. Warren, Joseph Proctor, deceased), Annie (Mrs. Dan Marble, deceased), Mary Ann (Mrs. J. B. Rice, now living), and Wm. Warren Jr. (the popular comedian in Boston, Mass.). He died in Baltimore, Md., Oct. 19, 1832. Mrs. Merry was formerly Miss Brunton, the eldest daughter of John Brunton, manager of the Norwich, Eng., Theatre, and she retired from the stage on her marriage in 1792 with Robert Merry. His extravagances and the offer of high terms to visit America induced her to come hither, and she made her first appearance on the boards of the Philadelphia stage, and died in that city in 1834. This company had was for many years on the Philadelphia stage, and died in that city in 1834. This company had appeared in the New Theatre in Greenwich street, this city, the previous season, commencing Aug. 21, 1797. The Warrell Family, Mr. and Mrs. L'Estrange, Mrs. Rostor, Mrs. Francis, etc., appeared here, and their subsequent career is enveloped in mystery.

THEATRE.

ON FRIDAY EVENING, JULY 20, 1798,

will be presented a historical play (never performed here) called

COLUMBUS, OR A WORLD DISCOVERED,

with new scenery, machinery, dresses and decorations. The music composed by Mr. Reinagle; the processions and pageant by Mr. Byrne. In this play the manners and customs of Mexico and Peru characterize the first discovered nations of America. Such deviation from historical truth was deemed necessary for dramatic effect, and has enabled the author to introduce the pathetic tale of Cora and Alonzo, from Marmontel's Incas.

SPANISH PARTY.

Columbus.....Mr. Hardinge | Roldan.....Mr. Morris
Alonzo.....Mr. Downie | Valero.....Mr. Francis
Harry Herbert.....Mr. Wignell | Mascaso.....Mr. Blissett
Doctor Dolores.Mr. Harwood | Captain.....Mr. Hunter
Bribon.....Mr. Francis

INDIANS.

Orozimbo.....Mr. Warren | Cuto.....Mr. Warrell Jr
Solasco.....Mr. L'Estrange | Cora.....Mrs. Merry
Catalpo.....Mr. Warrell | Nelti.....Mrs. Francis

Priestesses of the sun, Mrs. L'Estrange, Mrs. Warren, etc. Indian women, Mrs. Doctor, Mrs. Stuart, Miss Milbourne, Miss L'Estrange, etc.

IN ACT I. A procession of Indians, and the first landing of Columbus.

IN ACT III. Representation of a storm and earthquake, with a grand eruption from a volcano.

IN ACT V. The ceremony of sacrifice and a procession to the execution of Cora.

The whole to conclude with a grand pageant.

The scene of the volcano designed by J. Richards Esq., R. A., principal scene-painter to the Covent-garden; the rest of the scenery designed by Mr. Holland, and the whole executed by Messrs. Stuart, Hallett, Milbourne, and Richards. The dresses designed by Mr. Gibbons.

To which will be added a farce, in two acts, called

THE VILLAGE LAWYER.

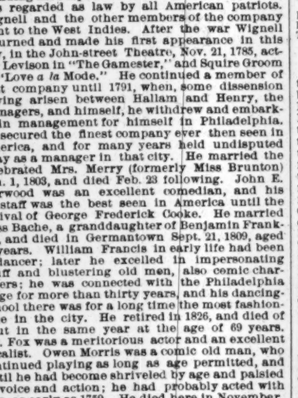
Scout.....Mr. Harwood	Sheepface.....Mr. Blissett
Snarl.....Mr. Francis	Kate.....Mrs. Doctor
Charles.....Mr. Warrell Jr	Mrs. Scout..Mrs. L'Estrange
Justice Millimore.Mr. Warrell	

The doors to be opened at six, and the curtain rise a quarter before seven o'clock precisely. No money to be taken at the doors, nor any person admitted without tickets.

Box-tickets, one dollar. Pit-tickets, three quarters of a dollar. To be had at Mrs. Bryce's, opposite the theatre, and at the printing-office.

SIX O'CLOCK AT NIGHT.

BY ARTHUR W. FRENCH.



THERESA VANE, VOCALIST.

Open wide the factory-door,
Cease the busy hum and roar,
See the people from it pour—
'Tis six o'clock at night.

Through each busy lane and street
Hear the sound of passing feet,
Hastening home to rest so sweet—
'Tis six o'clock at night.

Happy children, by the gate,
Papa's coming watch and wait;
Surely he will not be late—
'Tis six o'clock at night.

Gathered round the humble board,
With its simple food well stored,
Blessings from the heart are poured
On six o'clock at night.

Ye that live in rank and power,
Naught but riches for your dower,
Know not of this blessed hour—
Six o'clock at night.

Only they that till the soil,
And the hardy sons of toil,
Know the many joys that coil
Round six o'clock at night.

OLD PROVERBS RESET.

"You can't tickle a negro's skin with a piece of flannel."
With sop and brush and flannel, you tickle
Is vain the Ethiopic cuticle.

"Put a beggar on horseback, and he will ride to the devil."
The mendicant, once from his indigence freed,
And mounted aloft on the generous steed,
Down the precipice soon will infallibly go,
And conclude his career in the regions below.

"Even a cat may look at a king."
It is permitted the feline race
To contemplate even a regs lface.

"Money makes the mare go."
Pecuniary agencies have force
To stimulate to speed the female horse.

"Tis the early bird catches the worm."
The earliest winged songster soonest sees,
And first appropriates the annelides.

"Never send coal to Newcastle."
Bear not to you famed city upon Tyne
The carbonaceous product of the mine.

BASEBALL.

ATHLETIC vs. GERMANTOWN.

The Athletics and Germantowns of Philadelphia played on the former's grounds July 12, the result being the best-played game that has been witnessed there for a couple of seasons at least. The Athletics substituted Sensenderfer for Eggler (the latter having been released and joined the Chicages), and presented for the first time their new catcher—McClure—from Williamsport, Pa. The Germantowns were also short-handed, but had excellent substitutes in Bob and Dan Newhall, the well-known cricketers. Both failed to score, or, in fact, reach first base even, during the first three innings, the very swift pitching of Gowan and the curve-pitching of Ward proving alike effective. In the next three innings, however, the Athletics got the hang of Gowan's pacers, and scored six runs, five of which were earned by nine clean hits, including a two-baser and a three-baser by McClure. The Germantowns in the first six innings were put out in one-two-three order, and only three of their men in the entire game ever touched the bases in safety—Sharp and Wright by two-base hits, and Delano by an excusable miss of Sensenderfer's, on which, assisted by Fisler's wild throw, was scored their only run. The Athletics made three runs in the last three innings, their batting in this game being the best of the season. McClure, the Athletics' new catcher, played very well, putting out eleven men and assisting five times without an error, besides doing the best batting of the game with his three-base and two-base hits. Ward's curve-pitching was remarkably effective, fifteen of the Germantowns striking out; he and Meyerle also distinguished themselves by extraordinary stops. Fisler likewise played finely at first base. Wright of Harvard College celebrity carried off the fielding honors on behalf of the Germantowns, a jumping left-handed catch of a sharp-liner being the best play of the game. The Newhalls made some wonderful stops, and Platt at centre-field caught a ball at left-centre after it had rebounded from the left-fielder's hands.

ATHLETIC	T.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.	GERMANT'N.	T.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.
Sheitzline, 2b	5	1	2	1	0	0	Davis, 2d b..	4	0	0	1	3	1
Reach, r. f....	5	0	1	0	0	0	Wright, 1st b	4	0	1	17	0	0
Cook, 3d b....	5	3	2	0	1	0	Sharp, c.....	4	0	1	1	1	2
Fisler, 1st b..	5	1	2	14	0	2	R. Newhall, 3b	3	0	0	1	2	1
Sensen'r, c. f.	5	1	2	0	0	1	W. Platt, r. f	3	0	0	2	0	0
Meyerle, s. s.	5	2	2	1	2	0	Dando, l. f..	3	1	0	3	0	1
McClure, c..	5	1	2	11	5	0	D. Newhall, s.s	3	0	0	0	5	2
Ward, p.....	5	0	1	0	4	0	C. Platt, c. f.	3	0	0	1	0	0
Lomas, l. f..	5	0	0	0	0	0	Gowan, p....	3	0	0	1	1	1
Totals..	45	9	14	27	12	3	Totals..	30	1	2	27	12	8

Athletic.....	0	0	0	1	2	3	1	0	2—9
Germantown..	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1—1

Earned runs—Athletic, 5. First base by errors—Athletic, 4; Germantown, 1. Three-base hit—McClure, 1. Two-base hits—McClure, 1; Wright, Sharp, 1. Umpire, Geo. Heubel. Time, 1h. 40m.

STAR vs. ALLEGHENY.

On Monday, July 9, the Stars of Syracuse and the Alleghenys (Pa.) Club met again on the latter's ground, when the former, at home and never called upon to endure a second defeat. The only runs scored were made by the visitors in the sixth inning, Higham taking first on a fly which Williamson failed to hold, reaching third on McKinnon's baser, and scoring on Nelson's fumble of McCormick's grounder. Both batsmen were called out on the latter's muff of Kasbeer's fly, and Higham was forced out at third at the same time and getting home on Dolan's bad throw to third.

ALLEGHENY.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.	STAR.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.
McKelvy, c..	0	0	1	0	0	Hotaling, c....	0	0	5	0	3
Williamson, 3b.	0	1	1	4	1	Geer, s. s.....	0	0	1	2	1
Dolan, c.....	0	0	8	0	2	Higham, r. f...	1	0	2	0	0
Nelson, s. s....	0	0	0	2	0	McKinnon, 1b..	1	2	8	0	0
Goodman, 1st b	0	0	11	0	2	Farrell, 2d b..	0	0	1	1	0
Cramer, l. f....	0	0	1	0	1	McCormick, p.	0	0	1	4	1
Galvin, p.....	0	1	2	4	1	Mansell, l. f..	0	0	1	0	0
Holbert, r. f...	0	0	1	0	0	Carpenter, 3b..	0	1	0	2	0
Fulmer, 2d b...	0	1	1	5	0	Clinton, c. f....	0	0	5	0	0
Totals.....	0	6	27	16	9	Totals.....	2	3	27	10	5

Allegheny.....	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—0
Star.....	0	0	0	0	0	2	0	0	0—2

Two-base hit—McKelvey. Bases on called balls—Alleghenys, 2; Star, 1. Double plays—Star, 2. Struck out—Allegheny, 3; Star, 3. Umpire, Frank Curry.

Though the Stars were outplayed all through in the third game, contested on the 10th, errors on the part of their catcher, Hotaling, had much to do with the one-sided character of the meeting. Six of these were passed balls, the other occurring in the seventh inning, when, Galvin having hit safe for three bags, Hotaling left the home plate unprotected to get his mask, the ball not being in the pitcher's hands, and Galvin walked in.

ALLEGHENY.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.	STAR.	R.	1B.	PO.	A.	E.
McKelvy, c. f..	2	1	1	3	1	Hotaling, c....	0	1	3	1	7
Williamson, 3b.	0	0	1	1	0	Geer, s. s.....	0	0	1	2	1
Dolan, c.....	0	1	4	0	2	Higham, r. f...	0	0	3	0

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Professions.

THE CLIPPER POST-OFFICE.

☞ STAMPED ENVELOPE, plainly addressed, must be inclosed for each and every letter, and the line of business followed by the party addressed should be given, in order to prevent mistakes.

☞ Professionals and others should bear in mind that, by a late change in the postal laws, all letters, etc., in transit between the United States and Canada, *must be prepaid*, otherwise they are not forwarded.

Letters received for week ending SEPT. 1, MONDAY, July 16.

LADIES' LIST.

Ayer, Blanche
Allen, Miss
Allonde, Arsena
Angson, Maude
Aumont, Nellie
Arger, Anna
Arnaud, Mrs. Mollie
Barry, Frankie
Blanche, Edith
Cannon, Mrs. Mary
Clifford, Alice (late of Dallas, Tex.)
Chaproniey, Miss Ike
Claxton, Kate (2)
Clare, Annie
Casell, Fannie (2)
"Dotty Dimple"
Evangeline, Maude
Engel, Jennie
Eldridge, Lillie
Fisher, Clara
Forrester, Nellie
Fox, Annie (2)
George, (Mrs. Frank
Gangain, Marie (2)
Gray, Ada (tragedienne)
Gray, Ada
Hallett, Alta
Harland, Rose
Howard, May

GENTLEMEN'S LIST.

Almonte, Geo.
Austin, Chas.
Almonte, Arnold, W. H. (of Arnold Bros.)
Ashton, W. (late Leslie & Ashton)
"Art"
Andre, E. A.
Albright, Chas. (circus "biz")
Adams, Grimaldi
Archer, Chas. (pianist)
Atchison, L. D
Berger, Family, Manager of
Barrett, Lawrence
Barrett, Louis E.
Brennan, R. A. (2)
"Buckskin Sam"
Barr, G. H.
Broom, G. (p. o. mark Cuba)
Berger, Prof. G. (3)
Burrows, John
Barbour, M. G.
Brady, K. (of Van. Ambaugh's Cir.)
Barry, C. W. (dramatic "biz")
Byron, D. Doud (2)
Broder, Arline
Beach, Chas. ("man fish")
Blake, T.
Brown, "Billy" A.
Browne, C. H.
Brown, J. T. A.
Battle, F. C.
Bidwell, D.
Barr, Geo. (musician)
Burnet, J. N.
Branch, Frank
Baines, Ar. (tuttist)
Bell, Chas.
Blaisdell, W. B.
Burgess, "Nell"
"Bonanza"
Brown, J. (of Kendall's Com. Co.)
Bush, Frank
Cogswell, W. J.
Collum, "Andy"
Callender's Minstrels
Cellini, Tito
Cohen, Geo.
Crane, Chas.
Clark, W. D.
Clifford, S. H.
Coates, Chas. F.
Cooper, F. (of Slavin's Co.)
Carter, F. P. (2)
Carlton, Jos. "Kit" (2)
Case, H. G. ("the King")
Cummins, M. (of Collisum, Cincin.)
Caldwell, J. M.
Clark, D. W. (of Robins, Min.) (2)
Cameron, D.
Conn, L.
Conway, "Neal"
Cavanaugh, Hugh
Callender, Chas.
Dupree, C. H. (3)
Dearin, S. (of Washburn & Co.)
Dyson, Justine T.
De Haven, Claude
Dalton, Jno. Jos. F.
Dibdo, — ("fire demon")
Ducrow, W. (of Edinburgh Cir.)
Danson, Erwin T.
De Leon, Leon (2) 12c.
Duffy, W. P.
De Vere, "Billy" (comed. & writer)
De Vere, "Sam" (of Pastor's Co.)
Dykeman, Ed.
Delano, "Jeff" (2)
Edwards, W. F.
Eldridge, Preston
Evans, & Mack (2)
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Edwards, Chas. (pianist)

Hays, Sallie
Howe, Lillie
Harding, Mrs. Rose
Harding, Carrie
Johns, Effie
Juteau, Emma (2)
Kimberley, Bessie
Kemble, Frances (2)
"Little Nell"
Lind, Christine
Lawrence, "Lou"
Lee, Rose
Lubin, Vivian
Laverde, Belle C.
Larkell, Nellie
Moxon, Ada (of Soldene's Co.)
Marsh, Fannie
McGowan, Alice
Mortimer, Annie
Morris, Josie
Morwood, M.
Pendy, Mrs. John
Phillips, Annie
Pierce, Emma (of Everett's Co.)
Pearce, Mrs. Annie (with Ellis Sist.)
Palmer, Minnie
Russell, Frankie
Rainford, Alice
Rivington, Ida
Ravel, Mrs. Sophie
Reynolds, "Vic"
Rowley, Mrs. Jas.
Richmond, Ada (4)
St. Felix, Clemence
Stella, Rose (2)
Sidney, Miss B. (of Holman's Co.)
Stanley, Josie
Stuart, Dora
Steele, Alice
Selwyn, Blanche
Schott, Angie
Somers, Alice
Seddons, Annie
Thompson, Connie
Taylor, Nellie
Tracy, Helen
Van Zandt, Inez (2)
Venus & Adonis
Venn, Lizzie
White, Mrs. Archie
Winfield, Mrs. Rose
Wyndham, Alice
Weaner, Ella
Whiffin, Mrs. Thos.
Yeamans, Jennie
Young, Mrs. C. (p. o. Liverpoo)

Soon, J. K.
Nickels, Mr. (of French & Am. Cir.)
Nutt, Commodore
Noyes, A. C.
Norton, "Wash" Jr.
Nash, "Dan"
Newell, U. D.
Orrin Bros
O'Brien, Thos. (of O'Brien Bros)
O'Brien, "Dennis"
Ogden, R. Dorsay
Ocie, Master
Porter, Bill
Phillips, Harry (comed.)
Primrose, Geo. (2) (of Palmer, Robt. F. "Proprietor"
Parsons, F. (teacher of banjo dance)
Pedanto, Mr.
Perkins, F. (musical director)
Pfaff, Daniel
Pastor, "Tony"
Powell, Eddie
Pankett, Chas.
Quigley, J. F.
Rogers, C. S.
Ross, F. (clarionet. bl.)
Rogers & Mattie Vickers, Chas.
Reid, Al.
Rosston, "Gus"
Rieinhardt, J.
Rosenbaum, H. (2)
Richards, Louis
Rainforth, S. (of Rainforth's Co.)
Roberts, Horace
Roberts, N. D. (2)
Ryan, "Sam" F. (2)
Robinson, Harry
Rickaby, John
Rubini, F.
Robinson, H. (of Robinson Minst.)
Roberts, Sir Randal
Roche, Frank
Sherman, W. (of HeywoodBros&Co.)
Sullivan, J. J. (manager)
Slocum, F. N. (2) 9c.
Sprague, J. W.
Scott, Robert "Ned" (leader)
Sanford, Jos.
Sadler, Thos.
Sheldon, W. (of Van Amburgh's Cir.)
Snyder, H. (of "Sparrow" Co.)
Stocking, Frank
Slate & Hodges
Sands, W. A.
Smith, A. (manager)
Seymour, O. T. (2)
Straight, D. J.
Showers, "Andy"
Schiff, David (musician)
Showles, J. J.
Slavin, J. H.
Stanwood, Harry
Tracy, "Dan"
Turner, C. (of "Apostle" Garden, &c.)
Thompson, "Den"
Thatcher, G. (of Sim & Sloc Minst.)
Thompson, Jno. Op. Ho., Cin. 13c.
"Thespian"
Thatcher & Hume
Trewolla, A. P.
Taylor, R. M.
Thompson, Jno. ("On Hand") (2)
Thompson, W. J.
Ulmer, Frank
Vere, G. W.
"Virginia"
Wilson, Jas. (carpenter)
Wood, Harry (chor. vocalist)
Wilson, A. (tuttist)
Webb, J. H.
Washburn, F. S. (2)
Wylie, "Billy" (3)
Warwick, Lock
Worden, R. (of Worden & Mack)
Wentworth, Walter
Wagner, John
Zimmerman, "Reddy"

Reinford, Alice
Ravel, Mrs. Sophie
Reynolds, "Vic"
Rowley, Mrs. Jas.
Richmond, Ada (4)
St. Felix, Clemence
Stella, Rose (2)
Sidney, Miss B. (of Holman's Co.)
Stanley, Josie
Stuart, Dora
Steele, Alice
Selwyn, Blanche
Schott, Angie
Somers, Alice
Seddons, Annie
Thompson, Connie
Taylor, Nellie
Tracy, Helen
Van Zandt, Inez (2)
Venus & Adonis
Venn, Lizzie
White, Mrs. Archie
Winfield, Mrs. Rose
Wyndham, Alice
Weaner, Ella
Whiffin, Mrs. Thos.
Yeamans, Jennie
Young, Mrs. C. (p. o. Liverpoo)

Soon, J. K.
Nickels, Mr. (of French & Am. Cir.)
Nutt, Commodore
Noyes, A. C.
Norton, "Wash" Jr.
Nash, "Dan"
Newell, U. D.
Orrin Bros
O'Brien, Thos. (of O'Brien Bros)
O'Brien, "Dennis"
Ogden, R. Dorsay
Ocie, Master
Porter, Bill
Phillips, Harry (comed.)
Primrose, Geo. (2) (of Palmer, Robt. F. "Proprietor"
Parsons, F. (teacher of banjo dance)
Pedanto, Mr.
Perkins, F. (musical director)
Pfaff, Daniel
Pastor, "Tony"
Powell, Eddie
Pankett, Chas.
Quigley, J. F.
Rogers, C. S.
Ross, F. (clarionet. bl.)
Rogers & Mattie Vickers, Chas.
Reid, Al.
Rosston, "Gus"
Rieinhardt, J.
Rosenbaum, H. (2)
Richards, Louis
Rainforth, S. (of Rainforth's Co.)
Roberts, Horace
Roberts, N. D. (2)
Ryan, "Sam" F. (2)
Robinson, Harry
Rickaby, John
Rubini, F.
Robinson, H. (of Robinson Minst.)
Roberts, Sir Randal
Roche, Frank
Sherman, W. (of HeywoodBros&Co.)
Sullivan, J. J. (manager)
Slocum, F. N. (2) 9c.
Sprague, J. W.
Scott, Robert "Ned" (leader)
Sanford, Jos.
Sadler, Thos.
Sheldon, W. (of Van Amburgh's Cir.)
Snyder, H. (of "Sparrow" Co.)
Stocking, Frank
Slate & Hodges
Sands, W. A.
Smith, A. (manager)
Seymour, O. T. (2)
Straight, D. J.
Showers, "Andy"
Schiff, David (musician)
Showles, J. J.
Slavin, J. H.
Stanwood, Harry
Tracy, "Dan"
Turner, C. (of "Apostle" Garden, &c.)
Thompson, "Den"
Thatcher, G. (of Sim & Sloc Minst.)
Thompson, Jno. Op. Ho., Cin. 13c.
"Thespian"
Thatcher & Hume
Trewolla, A. P.
Taylor, R. M.
Thompson, Jno. ("On Hand") (2)
Thompson, W. J.
Ulmer, Frank
Vere, G. W.
"Virginia"
Wilson, Jas. (carpenter)
Wood, Harry (chor. vocalist)
Wilson, A. (tuttist)
Webb, J. H.
Washburn, F. S. (2)
Wylie, "Billy" (3)
Warwick, Lock
Worden, R. (of Worden & Mack)
Wentworth, Walter
Wagner, John
Zimmerman, "Reddy"

Reinford, Alice
Ravel, Mrs. Sophie
Reynolds, "Vic"
Rowley, Mrs. Jas.
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Somers, Alice
Seddons, Annie
Thompson, Connie
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O'Brien, Thos. (of O'Brien Bros)
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Quigley, J. F.
Rogers, C. S.
Ross, F. (clarionet. bl.)
Rogers & Mattie Vickers, Chas.
Reid, Al.
Rosston, "Gus"
Rieinhardt, J.
Rosenbaum, H. (2)
Richards, Louis
Rainforth, S. (of Rainforth's Co.)
Roberts, Horace
Roberts, N. D. (2)
Ryan, "Sam" F. (2)
Robinson, Harry
Rickaby, John
Rubini, F.
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Sheldon, W. (of Van Amburgh's Cir.)
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Wylie, "Billy" (3)
Warwick, Lock
Worden, R. (of Worden & Mack)
Wentworth, Walter
Wagner, John
Zimmerman, "Reddy"

INTRODUCTORY.

MONDAY, July 16, '77.

This is the coolest office in the city! How do we make it so? Easily enough. We merely put our thermometer on ice, and this reduces the figures to thirty or forty degrees far in heat; and just as long as we keep up the supply of ice, just so long is that pleasant temperature maintained. In Winter, while other people are suffering with the intensity of the cold, we never experience a lower temperature than seventy. We keep a steady fire around our thermometer, and you would be astonished at the change such a simple contrivance brings about. We have thus given the modus operandi of how to keep cool in Summer and how to keep warm in Winter; and if our readers are as smart as we take them to be, they will at once avail themselves of the benefits that results of our experiments..... Seeing so many new opera-houses and new music halls going up, on paper, we conceived the brilliant idea of constructing a grand temple of music right in the centre of Madison-square. We had all our plans cut and dried, and everything laid out with taste and judgment, and hope beat high in our breast as we contemplated the structure. Then we laid wires to secure the best available talent in Europe, and our list embraced such names as Patti, Nilsson, and one hundred equally meretricious artists, "at prices to suit the times." No other manager ever had such bright prospects before him, and our success was assured from the start. Having progressed thus far, we concluded it to be about time to get a leasehold of the land, which, after a good deal of trouble and expense on our part, was denied us. Thus was our grand project nipped in the bud. Hereafter should we contemplate any similar stupendous undertaking, it is probable that we will be sure of the ground first, and *then* go ahead..... It is with pleasure we read the fact that, of the thousands of dogs prematurely cut off during the past two weeks, not one was a performing or dog star! We predicted just such a condition of affairs six months ago..... This is where we feel our position so keenly: the few of us who are compelled by adverse circumstances to remain in the city while less worthy people are enjoying themselves at the seaside, or at Long Branch, or at some other fashionable Summer resort, have to sneak homeward through back streets and unfrequented byeways, in order to avoid the scoffs and jeers of outraged fortune, and the biting sarcasm of those devilish old-women busybodies who are ever ready to make public our infirmities, and heap contempt upon our hitherto bright escutcheon. "Oh, for a thousand tongues to sing" the destruction of those cackling old vipers!..... Fat women probably hide themselves away in refrigerators during the heated term, scarcely enough of them being available for a first-class sideshow. On the other hand, living skeletons come to the front as the happiest people we have among us. How true it is that what is one man's meat is another man's poison! Alas, yes!..... We read in a foreign journal that, during the past six years, forty new operas have been produced in Italy, of which only one survives. This is fearful! If so many operas went to their death, how terrible must have been the mortality among lovers of opera! Is there no way to stop this suicidal discord?..... When we see a heavy tragedian trying to make war upon a tiny little wave at the seashore, we feel like going to our closet and praying for his deliverance from evil, and that he may no longer be led into temptation!..... One day last week we heard some of the awfulest cursing and profanity it has ever been our pleasure to listen to; and what do you think it was all about? Merely because an eccentric comedian inadvertently asked an unsuccessful candidate in the campaign of '76-7 if he was going to invest his surplus in the new four-per-cents. Some people are most *too* thin-skinned..... We have been a good deal cut up about the estrangement between Alice and little Samuel, and we meant to have proffered our services to bring about a reconciliation between the disturbing elements; but when we sent an ambassador, with the olive-branch of peace, the principals had put land and sea between them. With a heavy heart and a bad pen we then composed these soul-stirring lines:

MUSICAL DISCORDS.

In merry rounds and joyous sounds
We greet the opera buff,
While Mrs. Oates, in liquid notes,
Gets back at Colville rough!

....."Jubilee" singers are multiplying like sparrows. You find them everywhere. Truly, this is the year of jubilee. And yet we have no disposition to curtail the privileges of these children of song. Freedom for all is our motto..... We intended to write a chapter about that new Mazeppa who was wafted to this city a couple of weeks ago, and whose unfiery, untamed steed carried the peerless one to the highest run of the newcomer's ambition; but our contemporaries have had "so much for Buckingham" to say that we have concluded to cry a go, and let our intended notice of the rider of the bareback steed be an unwritten chapter..... And talking about newcomers and dramatic idols and infant prodigies, we ought to be very thankful that we are to have a sight of T. B. McDonough's new "Baby" this evening at the Park Theatre. In honor of the manager, it is probable that the idol will "Father, Abbey, cry!" We don't know whether we have got this thing all right or not; but, if we have not, we cannot undertake to revise it this hot weather..... And while on the "Baby" subject, we would casually remark that mothers know little of *finances* (they are adepts at *fine answers*, though), yet they all have faith in a *saving spark!* Tableau..... True to her sex, Anna Dickinson refused all invitations to put in the Summer at any masculine resort, and quietly trains at *Martha's* Vineyard. Let's make things easy for Anna next season..... Those thieves who robbed Brother Sankey's seaside cottage the night were no gentlemen, else why did they put his melodeon out of tune? Next time the singist goes a-fishing he will probably leave someone at home to "Hold the Fort." A deputation of supernumeraries have called upon us to solicit our influence in their behalf, and to discourage any and all efforts on the part of theatrical managers to reduce the salary of a super below the standard price of twenty-five cents per night! We assured the delegation that our managers have no such intention; that they would sooner pay fifty cents per night than seek to go under twenty-five. With this assurance our friends went away well-pleased, each one being presented with a chromo as he passed out..... A well-meaning correspondent sends us a somewhat lengthy poem concerning the rise and progress of the variety element in this country. Its length kills it! We have only room for the closing stanza, which is given in the original as a postcript:

Perhaps you think these lines are dry;
Well, so do I.
But, pig-like, I my food must seek of men
Within my pen.

.....Three nights ago, while we were taking our ease at mine inn, we overheard a conspiracy being hatched by a number of vile Bohemians, who proposed to attend all those Summer resorts at which our professional friends are passing their vacations, and, while there, ascertaining how, in what way, and where their leisure moments are beguiled; to find out, by a system of spying, the private affairs of the professionals, and then to give the same publicity through the press, at so much per column, cash in advance. We suddenly confronted this disgraceful cabal, accused them of blackmailing designs, and threatened them with condign punishment should they attempt to put their plot into execution. They slunk away like the mangy curs they are, while we turned over on our virtuous couch, and soon became lost in another dream! .....A man by the name of Chip Thompson advertised to walk on a wire across the River Schuylkill, at Philadelphia, last week; but, failing on two successive days, drowned into the river on the second day, he paused in his wild career, and retired in disorder. This was not the original chip off the old block, but a new chip off the old rope! In a third attempt, his rope-walk was successful..... About this time look out for Saengertests! They are not detrimental to public health, but they had better be kept out of the reach of children..... A correspondent in Kingston, Jamaica, wants to know if Harry Robinson, "the man with the silver horns," has horns growing out of his head or how. What a Jamaica rum 'un our correspondent is! Why, no; who ever heard of silver horns growing on a man's head? If such were really the case, Harry Robinson needn't tote a minstrel troupe about with him, for he'd be a whole show in himself. And yet we are not angry with our correspondent for asking the question, as it gives us a chance to exhibit our knowledge of men and things. Oh, no; we are not angry!..... She looked at him with wild eyes came to, and her eyes gleamed like molten lava. "Are you him?" she said as she waltzed to where we were manipulating public opinion. We always did hate to be left alone with a girl, or a woman, or a snake. We were undecided *how* to act—whether to be "him" or deny our identity. She repeated: "Are you him?" We don't lie on principle, but there are moments in our lives when truth is stranger than fiction; at such times we prevaricate. We boldly answered "No!" "I-i-a-r!" was the bloodthirsty response of this female freebooter; and she would have allowed her emotion to carry her still farther, but a few touches on the American District-telegraph instrument immediately vocalized with varying success; Mme. Corelli's Statue Troupe gave a series of dissolving living pictures; and the sketch of "The Irish Justice," introducing J. L. Mason, not otherwise seen, closed the entertainments.

MESSRS. SIMMONS & SLOCUM, the well-known minstrel managers, were in town the past week. During a visit to THE CLIPPER office they informed us that they have regained possession of the Opera-house in Philadelphia, Pa., hitherto occupied by them, and that they will manage it the coming season.

M. B. LEAVITT, manager of Mme. Rentz's Female Minstrels, arrived in town during the past week. He will start on the road for his next tour Aug. 27.

"WOODLEIGH" has proven more successful than any other piece which has been produced in Wallack's Theatre during the present Summer season, and consequently the attendance has increased somewhat. On July 11 Miss Lettie Allen received a benefit. On Wednesday last a matinee was given, and in the future the regular matinee will be given on that day, instead of Saturday.

NEIL CONWAY the dancer, who, we stated in our past issue, was imprisoned for default of paying a board-bill of $45 due Mrs. Mary Ryan, was brought before Judge Westbrook, in Supreme Court, Chambers, July 11, when he was promptly discharged.

CLAUDE DE HAVEN has been engaged by Tony Pastor for the coming season to fill the same position in his theatre which he occupied last season.

AT NIBLO'S GARDEN, "The Three Guardsmen" was continued the past week, and a marked improvement was noticeable in the attendance.

FRANK PETERSCHEN has been engaged to lead the orchestra at the Eagle Theatre next season.

OWEN FAWCETT, who is rusticating at Watkins' Glen, N. Y., is to return to this city about the middle of August, to commence his engagement for next season at Daly's Fifth-avenue Theatre.

HARRY BELL was presented by his wife, professionally known as Katie Gilbert, with a daughter July 8.

MRS. F. A. TANNEHILL has gone to Chicago, Ill., to fulfill a six weeks' engagement in Hooley's Theatre, commencing July 16.

THE ALMONTE BROTHERS, Gibson and Binney, and Gibbons and Russell are the fresh arrivals at the London this week. The company also includes Martha Wren and James Collins, Ella Mayo, Maud Stanley Werner, Ned Werner, the Cawthorne Boys, Frank Lewis, the Wesleys, Wood and West, Charles Chrisdle, and the Zanfretta Troupe.

MISS ISADORE MARTINEZ, Galimberti and C. H. Turner have been the soloists during the week at Gilmore's Garden. Miss Kate Thayer, an excellent soprano-vocalist, made her first appearance in New York at the Sunday-evening concert 15, and created a most favorable impression by the evidence of a thorough method, combined with power and expression. Miss Thayer is a native of New Orleans, and the daughter of F. N. Thayer, connected with the business-management of Bidwell's Academy of Music, that city.

MANAGER WM. LAWRENCE ALLEN is in town. He will pass the Summer at Union Park.

J. J. SULLIVAN, manager of the Katie Putnam Combination, arrived in town July 11. Miss Putnam returns to her home in Naperville, Ill., to await the opening of the new season on Sept. 1. Her repertory has been strengthened with two new and original plays.

AT THE Columbia Opera-house, the Byron Sisters, sketch artists; Lulu Gardner, serio-comic vocalist; Kittie White, clog-dancer; Emma Tuttle, serio-comic singer; Billy Collins, song-and-dance artist; and Johnny Russell, vocalist, are among the performers who, with others, fill out the bill at this house.

AT THE Volks' Garden, the new arrivals this week are Sallie Mason, May Hamilton, Adelaide J. Eaton, Ada Sandborn, Fred J. Mackley, Robt. V. Ferguson, Lou Richards, Connors and Coleman, and Foster and Hughes.

AT THE MABEL LEONARD CASE.—John Rogers, the stepfather of little Mabel Leonard, has been punished for contempt of the Supreme Court by a fine of $10, and to be committed to prison for the term of six months, unless he shall sooner cause the child to be returned to the jurisdiction of the Court.

THE BROADWAY THEATRE closed June 14 after a two weeks' season of "Mazeppa," with Fanny Louise Buckingham in the title character.

OWING TO THE DEATH of an infant child of Mrs. and George S. Knight, on July 10, some changes occurred in the cast of "Evangeline" at the Fifth-avenue Theatre the past week. Miss Venie Clancy acted Gabriel Wednesday, Thursday and Friday nights, in place of Miss Sophie Worrell (Mrs. Knight), who resumed the role commencing at the matinee Saturday. Charles Rosene acted Captain Dietrich instead of Mr. Knight until Friday, when the last-named reappeared. Miss Lizzie Harold and George Forteseque received benefits respectively on Friday and Saturday nights. The burlesque was enlivened by the introduction of fresh music, and by Mr. Knight giving several of his specialties not hitherto seen here. He made a marked hit, and the audience signified their desire to be further entertained by him even after he had cheerfully responded to three encores. Attendance fair.

THE FOLLOWING CHANGES will be made in the cast of "The Three Guardsmen" at Niblo's Garden this week: Frank Mordaunt, who has hitherto acted Athos, will act D'Artagnan instead of E. F. Thorne. Harry Rowe will impersonate Athos, Edwin Price will replace Harry Colton as Buckingham, J. P. Winter will succeed H. B. Bradley as Aramis, and Miss Georgie Dickson will portray Constance instead of Mrs. Frank Murdoch.

THE PARK THEATRE is to be opened July 16 for a preliminary season, under the regular management, when Thos. B. MacDonough's adaption entitled "Baby" will be acted for the first time in America. Manager Henry E. Abbey has secured the following company: W. H. Bailey, F. Thorne, W. J. Lemoyne, George C. Boniface, Harry Lee, John Cooke, Mr. Parker, Mrs. Charles Poole, Mrs. Frank Murdoch, and the Misses Stella Boniface, Linda Dietz.

MISS ROSE TEMPLE is to receive a benefit at the Fifth-avenue Theatre July 20, and George S. Knight will be similarly complimented on the night of 21. "Evangeline" will probably be withdrawn after July 28.

THE INFANT DAUGHTER of George S. Knight and wife (Sophie Worrell) died July 10.

THE LAST WEEK of "Woodleigh" at Wallack's Theatre will be the present. J. B. Atwater is to have a benefit July 20.

A JAPANESE TROUPE is to occupy Tony Pastor's Theatre this week.

MORRIS SIMMONDS, dramatic agent, publishes in another column a list of managers who are booked with his agency. Mr. Simmonds also states that he has been appointed sole agent for the following stars: Effie Ellsler, Louise Pomeroy, Maude Granger, Bessie Darling, Augusta L. Dargon, Mrs. F. W. Lander, John McCullough, John Brougham, and Von Stammwitz, tragedienne, who will appear during the coming season in English legitimate drama, commencing at the National Theatre, Washington, D. C., Oct. 8. This agency is represented in London, Eng., by Messrs. Parravicini & Corbyn, 48 Duke street. For further particulars see advertisement.

THE SOLDENE OPERA COMPANY will not perform in this city this Summer, as intended. The agent telegraphed here from San Francisco, Cal., July 14, that they had decided to go to Australia.

J. B. ATWATER is to act the Stranger, in the play of that name, July 20, for his benefit at Wallack's Theatre.

JOHN E. WARNER, business-manager of the Katie Putnam Combination, arrived in town from Chicago July 14.

ANNA KREBS sailed for Bremen in the steamship Main July 15.

CLARA PERL left for Europe, July 12.

DRAMATIC.

MISS MINNIE CUMMINGS is ready to negotiate for engagements as stock or star actress, appearing in a large and varied repertory. See card.

ZACH T. CARROLL advertises for an engagement as first old man, to double second old, in England.

CHARLES R. THORNE, JR. left Cohasset, Mass., July 12, for Chicago, Ill., where he is to act in "The Danicheffs" for two weeks, commencing 16.

THE MISSES BONNIE MEYER and Fanny Hooker, Messrs. J. H. Thorne, Harry Mack and J. C. Cleaver, and Miss Lizzie Webster finished their role, and acted it the rest of the week..... At the Boylston Museum, "The Black Crook" attracted large audiences. This week "Humpty Dumpty" is to be the attraction. The introduced specialities will be Matt Morgan's Colossal Art Groupings, J. Le Fevre Manning in acrobatic and gymnastic specialities, the Troubadour Quartet—Newman, Stewart, Manly and Brown; Prof. Logrenia, magician; and Adrienne Gray, balladist. Walter Stuart, born without arms or legs, holds levees in the Museum parlor.

GUSTAVUS LEVICK, Geo. Boniface Jr., Miss Gabrielle Du Sauld, Miss Annie Grant (now en route from England), and Miss C. J. Johnson are the additional engagements for the Boucicault Comedy Company. The new comedy to be performed by them is entitled "A Bridal Tour."

FROM THE PACIFIC SLOPE our usual letter, dated San Francisco, Cal., July 6, is as appended: "At Baldwin's Theatre 'Montjoye,' an adaptation from the French of Octave Fueillet, was presented July 2, It was announced as being its first production in America, and as such was honored and welcomed. It is a strong acting play, possessing a plot of sufficient interest to absorb the undivided attention of the audience, and is handsome property in the stage-effects. The scene, Rome, is frequently made apparent. Notwithstanding the above, it is evident that this was its first production in this country, it had been produced at Maguire's Opera-house, in this city, on several occasions in March, 1864, with the following cast, to which is added the present distribution of characters at Baldwin's:

	March, 1864.	July, 1877.
Montjoye

THE PARIS VAUDEVILLE, the company of which was about to visit London, will reopen Sept. 4 with a comedy in four acts by MM. Cormon and A. De Beauplan, entitled "Pierre," which will be played by MM. Delannoy, Parade and Munie, and Mme. Doche.

MISS CARLOTTA LECLERCQ and company opened at the Prince of Wales' Theatre, Bradford, Eng., June 25 in "Fate," which had previously been played there with success.

ADELINE, youngest daughter of Mrs. Edgar (Miss Marriott), was united in marriage to Percy J. Edgar at Dalston, Eng., June 18.

THE TURF.

LONG BRANCH RACES.

The first Summer race-meeting of the Long Branch Association was brought to a close on Tuesday, July 10, and proved more successful than its projectors anticipated. A heavy rainstorm the evening previous had rendered the track heavy; but when the bell rang for the horses to saddle for the first race the going was good, and the course safe, if not fast. The judges were Messrs. Booth, Jordan, Lawrence and Sanford; distance-judges, Messrs. Weldon, Chew and Brown; clerk of the course, Mr. B. G. Bruce; and starter, Capt. W. M. Conner. The first race on the card of the day was a dash of three-quarters of a mile, for two-year-olds, for a purse of $300, $30 to second and $20 to third horse. For this race three horses entered and started: Astor's c. f. Pride of the Village, Morris' br. c. Arrogance, and McGrath's b. f. Eliza Adams. Mr. Astor's handsome filly was looked upon as a sure winner of this race, and the odds of $100 to $40 were currently offered without leading to the transaction of much business. After one breakaway the flag fell to an excellent start. Arrogance first showed in the van; but, the moment Ford let go his restraining pull on the bridle of Pride of the Village, the shot past Arrogance and galloped leisurely home, without being extended, the easiest of winners by six lengths in 1:22¼, Arrogance beating Eliza Adams the same distance for second place and money. The winner is full sister to Joe Daniels, whom she much resembles in appearance and fine free style of going. The second race was a dash of one mile and an eighth, for all ages, for a purse of $300, $50 to second horse. Nine horses entered, and all of them came to the post, viz., Withers' b. f. Chamois, 113lb.; Grinstead's b. c. Mettle, 118lb.; Donahue's c. g. Waco, 115lb.; Gibney's c. f. Love Chase, 113lb.; Davis Brothers' ch. c. Kenny, 118lb.; Bowie's b. f. Catazzy, 97lb.; Belmont's b. f. Dauntless, 113lb.; Geo. Lorillard's br. f. Oriole, 97lb.; and Brown's b. c. Dauntless, 118lb. Mettle and Dauntless carried the greatest part of the money invested, Kenny and Oriole (the latter not the Baltimore flyer, but a representative of the Islip stable) being nibbled at by the backers of outsiders. At the commencement of the pool-selling Mettle had the call over Dauntless; but just before the start the backers of the Belmont colors rallied, and made her slightly the favorite, she bringing $175 to Mettle's $170, Oriole's $80, Catazzy's $40, and the field's $45. After some little delay Capt. Conner sent the lot off almost in a line. Chamois, next the rails, first showed in front; then Problem dashed by his horses to the front, and lapped Chamois as they went past the judges' stand. Near the three-quarter post, Hayward, mounted on Grinstead's mount, Dauntless, and, cutting down the two leaders, Chamois and Problem, with remarkable ease, galloped home the easiest of winners by four lengths in 2:03¾; Chamois second, half a length before Kenny. The third race was mile heats, for beaten horses only, usual allowance, for a purse of $300. The entries were Bethune's b. g. Burgoo, 106lb.; Babcock's c. h. Egypt, 119lb.; Longstaff's c. c. Braemar, 92lb.; and Davis Brothers' c. c. Romney, 108lb. A deal of time was wasted owing to Longstaff claiming the right to draw his colt from the race on the ground that he could not get a jockey to ride at the weight he had to carry. The judges would not permit him to draw the colt, and a light-weight was then forthcoming to ride. Owing to the uncertainty about Braemar's starting, he was not sold in the pools, in which Romney was made the favorite, selling for $250; Burgoo, $225; Egypt, $95. In the first heat Braemar took the lead, but was quickly passed by Egypt, who made the pace hot for three-quarters of a mile. On the home-stretch Romney challenged Egypt, had him beaten in a few strides, and, galloping straight on, won the heat under a strong pull in 1:48½; Burgoo third, ten lengths behind Egypt. So easily had Romney won the heat that he was made the favorite at $100 to $20. Braemar was drawn, and when the flag fell Burgoo jumped off with the lead, and was soon two lengths in front of Egypt. They ran thus to the stables, where Egypt was in difficulties, and fell back beaten, Romney taking his place. On the lower turn Romney closed on Burgoo, and a splendid struggle ensued all the way up the straight; but at the distance stand the young horse quit, and Burgoo, amid tremendous cheering, galloped home a winner of the heat by two lengths in 1:47½, Egypt distanced. The betting was now $100 to $50 on Burgoo, who made the running from start to finish, and won the heat and the race by two lengths in 1:49½. The fourth race was mile heats, over hurdles, for a purse of $300, of which the second and third got $50 and $25 respectively. The starters were Brown's b. h. Coronet, 150lb; Lynch's g. h. Derby, 145lb.; Maguire & Bros.' g. m. Wensel, 125lb.; and Lawrence's c. h. Risk, 148lb. Risk and Derby sold nearly equal, the latter having the call at the finish. He brought $200; Risk, $190; Coronet, $55; Wensel, $10. In the first heat, after jumping the first hurdle, Coronet stumbled and fell, owing to his bridle breaking, and Hyland was thrown heavily, the horse continuing the race riderless. Wensel showed the way several lengths ahead of Risk; Derby, who was badly interfered with by Coronet, who kept immediately in front of him all the way round the course, being last. On the lower turn Risk closed on Wensel; caught him at the last hurdle, and beat him home by two lengths in 1:55½. Risk was now a hot favorite at $100 to $40, and he took the lead in the second heat over the first two hurdles, where Derby got on even terms and kept with Risk to the end of the race, and a splendid race home ensued. Risk outjumped Derby over the hurdles, the latter dwelling after landing, and he beat him home handsomely by two lengths in 1:52½. Derby taking second and Wensel third money. Hyland was found to have sustained a severely sprained ankle and broken leg. He found the sympathies of the assemblage, for his civil and obliging demeanor has made him a popular favorite.

On Thursday, July 12, the first day of the second Summer meeting, the weather was so pleasant that a large number of visitors from New York were induced to make the trip down the bay and to the course. The track was in capital order for running, and fast time was made in every race. There were four races on the card, the first of which was a dash of one mile, for all ages, for a purse of $300, of which $50 went to the second horse. Four entered and ran, viz., Morris' bk. f. Faithless, 113lb.; Shea's b. g. Cyril, 115lb.; Withers' b. f. Cyclone, 113lb.; and Longstaff's b. f. Yorkshire Lass, 113lb. The latter had the call in most of the pools sold until after the eight-bell rang, when there was such a rush to get on Faithless that she supplanted Longstaff's imported filly as favorite, as the following quotations testify: Yorkshire Lass, $125; Faithless, $150; Chamois, $53; Cyril, $10. Without delay a start was effected, Faithless well in front, and Yorkshire Lass next. At the club-house Chamois rushed to the front and cut out the running to the lower turn; but when the horses had fairly entered the straight-run-home, Evans, on Yorkshire Lass, and young Tom Sayers, on Faithless, challenged Mr. Withers' filly, had the latter safe after a brief struggle, and an exciting race home between the pair resulted in Yorkshire Lass winning cleverly by half a length in 1:47½. Chamois was third, six lengths behind Faithless, and Cyril beaten off. A race of mile heats, for all ages, for a purse of $300, $50 to second horse, had four entries, all of which came to the post. These were Astor's b. c. Frederick the Great, 102lb; Bethune's b. g. Burgoo, 121lb; Bell's c. c. Caracalla, 102lb.; and Littell's b. h. Reform, 118lb. The Bonnie Scotland mare to Monarchist was a favorite in consequence of the commanding style in which he had won the mile heats on the first day of the meeting. Reform's name was not upon the card as a starter. He had been regularly entered by his trainer the day before, but the secretary had overlooked the entry. Caracalic, a known fast horse, was handicapped by being ridden by Gilpatrick, a good jockey in his day, but fallen into the sere and yellow leaf. In the pools the average quotations were as follow: Frederick the Great, $500; Caracalla, $160; Reform, $80; Burgoo, $75. In the first heat Burgoo jumped off with the lead, but Frederick the Great passed him halfway along the backstretch, where Reform, also passing Burgoo, tried to overlook the favorite. A severe struggle around the turn ensued between them; but as they entered the homestretch Frederick the Great shook him off, and galloped home an easy winner by four lengths in 1:47; Reform second, five lengths before Caracalla; and Burgoo last, having been pulled up after getting within the distance-flag. In the second heat, Reform was allowed to be withdrawn, having pulled up quite lame. Frederick the Great was left out in the pools, his winning being apparently a certainty. In the betting between Burgoo and Caracalla, the former was the favorite at $100 to $40. Burgoo and Frederick the Great got off together, and raced abreast until reaching the backstretch, where the favorite went to the front, but was never headed, and ran home leaglthe winner by a length in 1:47, Burgoo beating Caracalla a length. The third race was a handicap for horses of all ages, for a purse of $200, $50 to the second horse: one mile and an eighth; three or more to start, or no race. Six came to the post, handicapped as follows: Bevins' c. f. Hattie F., 95lb; Geo. Lorillard's br. f. Oriole, 90lb; Davis Brothers' c. c. Kenny, 108lb; A. Bell's c. c. Caracalla, 100lb; M. Byrnes' c. c. King Bee, 100lb; and J. R. Gibney's c. f. Love Chase, 93lb. Kenny was a hot favorite, and he bought $200; Hattie F., $65; Oriole, $55; King Bee, $40; field, $40. Oriole was first away, followed by Kenny and Caracalla, the latter taking the lead as they raced past the judges' stand. On the backstretch the entire field became bunched, but on reaching the homestretch Kenny came to the front, Hallaway up. King Bee, who had been pocketed, and unable to get through his horses, challenged the leader, but could not fairly reach him, Kenny winning the race by half a length in 2:01, King Bee as far before Hattie F., who had been backed to win for a pile of money. The Long Branch Racecourse, for a purse of $400, $50 to second and $25 to third horse, over the regular course, had five runners, viz., M. Donohue's b. h. Deadhead, 153lb; J. G. K. Lawrence's c. g. Resolute, 148lb, and r. h. Risk, 145lb; A. D. Brown's b. c. Problem, 128lb; and F. P. Green's c. g. Don Victor, 134lb. Deadhead was the favorite over the field until just before the start, when Lawrence's pair had slightly the call, selling for $210 against Deadhead's $200 and the field's $30. Resolute took the lead and showed the way over the different jumps, with Deadhead next and Don Victor third, Risk lying far away in the rear, for his rider was evidently afraid to join his horses. Deadhead allowed Resolute to lead until the last hurdle was reached, when he challenged him and won the race by a length in 5:48¾, Problem ten lengths behind Resolute.

On Saturday, July 14, continued fine weather and a large attendance favored the Association, although the racing itself was not up to the usual standard of excellence, with the exception of the last event of the day, which was productive of excitement. The sport commenced with a dash of three-quarters of a mile, for horses of all ages, for a purse of $200, $30 to the second and $20 to the third horse. There were nine entries, all of which started, viz., J. R. Gibney's c. f. Love Chase, 113lb; George Lorillard's br. f. Oriole, 102lb; J. Nevins' g. m. Gray Lag, 117lb; George Longstaff's b. f. imp. Yorkshire Lass, 113lb; Davis Brothers' c. c. Romney, 118lb; F. Morris' bk. f. Faithless, 113lb; J. J. Bevins' c. f. Hattie F., 113lb; R. Shea's b. g. Cyril, 115lb; and M. Donohue's c. g. Waco, 115lb. The betting was very animated on this race, Yorkshire Lass having the call at $100; Faithless, $90; Romney, $60; the field, $45. The flag fell to a fair send-off, and Romney was the first to show in front; but before they had run a hundred yards Yorkshire Lass passed him, and, retaining her lead to the finish, won very easily by a length in 1:18¼; Oriole second, two lengths before Romney, who beat Hattie F. by a neck for third place. The Ocean Hotel Stakes—a sweepstakes of $50 each, play or pay, with $750 added, for colts and fillies; foals of 1874 to carry 95lb, fillies and geldings allowed 3lb; the second to receive $150, and the third horse $50, out of the stakes: one mile and three-quarters—brought out only four starters: P. Lorillard's b. g. Bombast, Geo. Lorillard's b. c. Lounger, R. W. Sears' B. c. by Lexington out of Invercauld, and M. A. Littell's ch. f. by Leamington out of Emma Johnson. Bombast was a hot favorite, the average quotations being as follow: Bombast, $400; Sears' colt, $135; Littell's filly, $50; Lounger, $25. Sears' colt, when the flag fell, dashed to the front and cut out the running at a merry gait; but before they reached the stables, midway on the backstretch, Bombast deprived the colt of the lead, and galloped home an easy winner of the race in 3:16¾, Sears' colt fifty yards before Lounger, who was a furlong before Littell's filly. It was discovered that the latter, who pulled up lame, had wrenched her loins so badly immediately after the start that she is probably injured for life. Value of the stake, $2,400. Bombast is by imp. Bonnie Scotland out of Benicia by Jack Malone. The next race was a dash of a mile and a half, for a purse of $400, $75 to second and $25 to third horse. Five started: Geo. Lorillard's c. c. Kingsland, 101lb; H. P. McGrath's b. h. Chesapeake, 124lb; Oden Bowie's b. c. Catacazy, 90lb; J. A. Grinstead's Mettle, 118lb; and F. Carter's c. c. Jenifer, 118lb. Chesapeake, the favorite, sold for $350; Jenifer, $65; Mettle, $35; field, $30. Kingsland cut out the running at the start, but passing the judges' stand at the end of the first half mile Jenifer was in front, with Kingsland six lengths before Chesapeake, the rider of the latter pulling him double to keep him back. On the lower turn Kingsland and Chesapeake moved up on Jenifer, and the three horses were on even terms as they entered the homestretch. Midway up the straight run-home Henry let go of Chesapeake's head, and, although he nearly allowed Barrett on Kingsland to steal a march on him through his overconfidence, he managed to win the race by half a length in 2:45. Kingsland second, three lengths before Jenifer, Mettle a bad fourth, and Catacazy beaten off. The fourth and last race was a dash of a mile and a quarter for a purse of $200, the winner to be sold for $1,000; if entered to be sold for $750, allowed 5lb; for $500, 10lb; for $300 15lb; any surplus over entered selling price to go to second horse. Only three ran: W. Midgely's g. m. Moorhen, to be sold for $300, 100lb; M. Byrne's ch. c. King Bee, $300, 103lb; and J. G. K. Lawrence's r. h. Risk, 119lb. King Bee was sold a first favorite, owing to his having 15lb off his regular weight, while Risk had only 5lb off. The former brought $450; Risk, $300; Moorhen, $160. Moorhen and Risk ran head-and-head for three-quarters of a mile, with King Bee waiting behind. On the lower turn King Bee moved up even with the others, and as they came up the homestretch Moorhen dropped back beaten, leaving the finish to King Bee and Risk. A desperate struggle, close and exciting, resulted in King Bee, in the opinion of most of the spectators having a neck the better of it; but the judges, to the general surprise, declared it a dead heat. Time, 2:17. King Bee was still the favorite at $100 to $90, although a change of riders had been made on Risk, Barbee being substituted for Lakeland. King Bee made the running at a slow pace for a mile, with Risk waiting at his quarters. Coming up the stretch, the latter challenged, and the two horses ran stride for stride to the string, the judges deciding Risk the winner by a short head in 2:43¾. Risk was bought in at his entered selling price.

TROTTING AT SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

The first meeting of the Grand Central Trotting Circuit commenced at Hampden Park, Springfield, Mass., July 10. The attendance was large, the weather fine, and the track in good condition. Before the first race, the five Russian trotters from the Orloff stud were exhibited on the track. The opening race was for horses of the 2:34 class, for a purse of $2,000, divided into $1,000, $500, $300 and $200, mile heats, three in five, in harness. Six out of the seven horses entered came upon the track, the absentee being Oliver Twist, and the starters Dan Mace's b. g. Sheridan, John Murphy's br. g. John Murphy Jr., C. J. Newton's b. g. Jack Barry, C. M. Brown's b. g. Dan Bassett, T. Grady's g. g. W. H. Arnold, and A. B. De Hart's br. g. Frank Saylor. Sheridan had the call in the pools, selling for $40; Murphy, $30; Jack Barry, $20; the field, $20. In the first heat Sheridan led from start to finish, winning easily in 2:25; John Murphy Jr. second, Dan Bassett third, and Frank Saylor distanced. The second heat was won in the same easy style by Sheridan in 2:29; Jack Barry second and Dan Bassett third. Sheridan won the third heat and the race in a jog in 2:26½, Murphy taking second money, Jack Barry third, and Bassett fourth. Then came the trot for horses of the 2:23 class, for a purse of $2,500, $1,250 for the first, $625 to second, $375 to third, and $250 to fourth horse. Seven horses started, viz., D. A. Snell's b. m. Lady Snell, J. Murphy's b. g. White Stocking, J. J. Bowen's r. g. Honest Harry, T. S. Carpenter's s. g. Charley Mack, J. H. Goldsmith's br. g. Powers, C. M. Brown's b. m. Amy B., and Thomas Grady's b. m. Idol. White Stocking was the favorite against the field, and he won the first and fifth heats, Honest Harry the second, Charley Mack the fourth, and Lady Snell the third and sixth. Darkness coming on, the race was postponed until next day, and was finally won by Lady Snell won the seventh and deciding heat of the race. White Stocking took second money, Honest Harry third, and Charley Mack fourth. Time, 2:24, 2:24, 2:25, 2:26½, 2:27½, 2:29, 2:24. The winner is a handsome mare by Godfrey's Patchen, out of a mare by Biggart's Rattler. On the second day, the first event on the card was for a purse of $3,000, divided into $1,500, $750, $450 and $300, for those which had never beaten 2:19. The contestants were W. Sargent's g. g. Albemarle, C. S. Green's b. g. Great Eastern, Mason T. Travis' c. g. Hannah D., Washington and Budd Doble's b. g. Bodine, the latter being drawn on account of lameness. Albemarle was the favorite at even money against the field, and he won the first heat easily from Great Eastern in 2:23, the second in 2:22½, and the third and race in 2:23. Great Eastern took second money, and Martha Washington third. The second trot was for horses that had never beaten 2:27, for a purse of $2,500, divided into $1,250 to the first, $625 to the second, $375 to the third, and $250 to the fourth. Six started, viz., H. Goldsmith's b. g. Alley, F. Van Ness' br. h. Damon, J. P. Gilbert's b. h. King Philip, C. M. Brown's c. h. West Liberty, J. Murphy's c. g. Dan Bryant, and W. Bishop's b. m. Carrie N. Damon had the call in the pools, selling for $50; Liberty and Alley, $20 each; Carrie N. and King Philip, $5 each; and Dan Bryant, $2. Damon won the first heat, Alley the second and third (when he became so hot a favorite that not a dollar would be bet against him), King Philip won the fourth heat, and Alley finished the race by winning the fifth heat. Time, 2:27, 2:26, 2:26, 2:24, 2:24. Damon was awarded second money, King Philip third, and West Liberty fourth.

The attendance on Thursday, July 12, was the largest of the meeting, the appearance of Goldsmith Maid to trot against her record of 2:34, for a purse of $2,000 in the event of beating it, being the attraction. The first race of the day was for a purse of $2,000, for horses that had never beaten 2:30, the money to be divided into $1,000, $500, $300 and $200. Six out of the seven horses entered came upon the track, viz., J. H. Goldsmith's b. g. Driver, J. Murphy's c. m. Lady Pritchard, C. M. Brown's b. g. Calmar, Dan Mace's b. m. Modesty, M. Galvin's b. m. Lucy Lowe, and A. Gregory's b. g. Jack Barry. The favorite in the pool-betting was Driver, who brought $20; Modesty, $20; and all the rest in the field, $20. Lady Pritchard won the first heat by a neck from Calmar, but the next three heats and the race were taken by Driver. Time, 2:26½, 2:25, 2:27½, 2:28. Lady Pritchard took second money, Calmar third, and Modesty fourth. The second race was for horses that had never beaten 2:21, for a purse of $2,500, divided into $1,250, $625, $375 and $250. Six horses started: G. Walker's bk. m. May Bird, J. H. Phillips' b. m. Adelaide, A. B. DeHart's br. m. Hannah D., W. Smith's br. g. Joker, J. Trout's b. g. John H., and W. W. Gomee's b. g. Comee. The latter was the favorite, selling for $70; Adelaide, $65; Joker and May Bird, $20 each; Hannah D., $14; and John H., $10. Hannah D. took the first heat, Adelaide the fourth, and May Bird the second, third, and fifth heats and the race. Time, 2:23, 2:25, 2:25, 2:23, 2:25. Adelaide was awarded second money, Hannah D. third, and Joker fourth. Goldsmith Maid then essayed to earn the purse of $10,000 by beating her record of 2:14, the understanding being that, unless she beat 2:20, she was to receive nothing. She trotted her first heat in 2:23, her second in 2:17, and her third in 2:19.

On Friday, July 13, the fourth and last day of the meeting, the attendance was far from large, and the meeting has proved a failure financially, owing to the majority of the agricultural population being too busily engaged in harvesting their crops to be able to attend racing. The first race was for horses that had never beaten 2:25, for a purse of $2,500, the winner taking $1,250; second-horse, $625; third, $375; and fourth, $250. Six horses came to the post, viz., J. Murphy's c. g. Richard, J. Trout's c. m. Lady Foxie, T. S. Carpenter's c. g. Charley Mack, D. Brinkerhoff's b. g. T. A., J. Golden's b. h. Ned Wallace, and Comee & Co.'s b. g. Burgoo. Richard had the call in the pool-betting, and six heats were trotted before the race was decided in his favor. The first heat was won by T. A., the second and fourth by Richard, the third by Charley Mack, the fifth by Lady Foxie, and the sixth and the race by Richard. Lady Foxie won the second money, and Charley Mack third. Time, 2:26, 2:24, 2:26½, 2:28, 2:34, 2:35. The winner is a chestnut gelding by Blue Bell, dam by Sir Leslie, and is owned by Foster Dewey of New York, who purchased him a few weeks ago from Richard Penistan of Philadelphia. The free-for-all race came next, and proved a great disappointment, for of the five entries for the purse of $3,000 Hopeful, Great Eastern and Adelaide were withdrawn, and only Hopeful and Judge Fullerton started, both horses being controlled by the Mace Brothers. Hopeful was the favorite, and he won the first, third and fourth heats and the race, Judge Fullerton winning the second heat. Time, 2:19½, 2:22½, 2:27, 2:22½.

THE LIVERPOOL CUP was run for at Liverpool, Eng., July 12; distance, about one mile and a half. There were a dozen starters, and the race was won by Lord Rosebery's brown horse the Snail, aged, by Esca out of Reveille, 110lb; Lord Lonsdale's bay colt Petrarch, 4yrs., by Lord Clifden out of Laura by Orlando, 129lb., second; Mr. Gomm's bay gelding Advance, 4yrs., by Speculum out of Progress, 96lb, third. Betting at starting: 5 to 1 against the Snail, 3 to 2 against Petrarch, and 26 to 1 against Advance.

POISONED.—The valuable trotting-horse Factory Boy, owned by Charles Blevins of Norwich, N. Y., died suddenly at Dryden, where he had been trotting, on the night of July 10. It was supposed that he had been poisoned, for he had been in good health previously, and a post-mortem examination was to have been made. His owner had refused, a short time before, an offer of $6,000 for him.

COLUMBUS, O., TROTTING MEETING.

The July meeting of the Columbus Driving Park Association commenced on Wednesday, July 11, with fine weather, a large attendance, and a good programme of trotting sport. The first race was for horses of the 2:25 class, for a purse of $600; $325 to first horse, $175 to second, and $100 to third. Four horses entered and started. Belle Brassfield won the first heat, the second and fifth were dead heats, Jewess won the third and fourth, Lewinski the sixth and seventh, and Jewess the eighth heat and the race. Time, 2:29, 2:29¼, 2:31½, 2:28¾, 2:29½, 2:29, 2:28, 2:33. Lewinski was awarded second money and Belle Brassfield third. The next race was for horses that had never beaten 2:32, for a purse of $600, divided as above. Seven horses started out of the nine entered, the winner turning up in Deception, Bay Charley being second, and Bay Frank third. Time, 2:30, 2:26, 2:30½, 2:29½, 2:30½. The second day's trotting attracted a very large attendance, the weather and track being all that could be desired. The first race was for horses of the 2:36 class, for a purse of $600, divided as above. Mohawk Chief won the first heat in 2:30, and the second in 2:30½. Dr. Rush won the third and fourth heats in 2:33½, 2:33, Daisy the fifth and sixth in 2:34¾, 2:33, when darkness set in, and the race was postponed until next day, when Mohawk Chief won the seventh and deciding heat in 2:32½. Dr. Rush took second money and Daisy third. The second race was for horses of the 2:42 class, for a purse of $400; $225 to the first, $110 to the second, and $65 to the third. Dream won the race in three straight heats in 2:31, 2:33½, 2:37. On the last day, the 2:30-class race, for a purse of $600, divided, was won in four heats by Colonel Moore, Lassie (who won the third heat) taking second money, and Nellie Norton third; time, 2:37, 2:34, 2:35½. The purse of $600, divided, for horses of the 2:28 class, was won by Jennie Holton, Deception taking the first heat and second money in 2:28, Rip Rap the third heat and money in 2:26, and Jennie Holton the race in 2:28½, 2:29, 2:34.

SALES OF THOROUGHBREDS.—George L. Lorillard has purchased from Hunter & Travers of this city a chestnut yearling colt by imp. Australian out of imp. Pussy by Drophantus. The same gentleman has also purchased from R. P. Francis a black suckling colt by imp. Leamington out of Black Slave by imp. Eclipse. A. Belmont has purchased from Hunter & Travers a chestnut yearling filly by Australian, dam imp. Genista by King Tom. Pierre Lorillard has purchased from Clement A. Alloway of Montreal, Can., the imp. brown mare Hortense, by Knight of Kars (son of the St. Leger winner Nostwith, and the great daughter of Glencoe, Pocahontas), dam Josephine by Irish Birdcatcher. Hortense is in foal to Richard Wells. Richard Wells has bought from E. A. Clabaugh the four-year-old bay gelding Cyril, by Planet out of Fairy, the dam of Artist. On Saturday last, during the races at Long Branch, two four-year-olds, the property of the well-known turfman John Colfree, who is now lying dangerously ill, were sold on the track. The first was the bay colt Charley Mull, by Panic, dam Longnine, and was sold to Dr. Conover for $90; the other, a chestnut colt by Panic, dam Venice, was bought by J. Wheeler for $145.

AMATEUR STEEPLECHASE.—A private steeplechase took place July 14 over the farm of ex-Collector Tom Murphy, about three miles from Long Branch, and nearly opposite Deal Beach. It was an impromptu affair, and witnessed by a party of personal friends, and with Messrs. Walter and Vinton Murphy, Frank Durand and Clarence Levy as the participating contestants. Walter Murphy rode the five-year-old mare Dimity, Clarence Levy was on Pride of the Farm, Frank Durand on Belle, and Master Vinton Murphy, a twelve-year-old horseman, on his pony Pet. The prize was a silver cup, and the course a mile and a quarter, containing four stiffish jumps. Dimity took the lead, and held it until reaching the last fence, which she struck heavily and fell, throwing her rider. The latter was quickly on his feet, but only to be knocked down again and ridden over by Mr. Durand on Belle, but, luckily, without receiving any serious injury beyond a slight bruise and a severe shaking. Belle won the race quite easily, with the pony Pet close up, and Pride of the Farm third, several lengths away. Messrs. W. and J. Hoey acted as judges, and Phillip Tinson as starter.

SARATOGA RACE ASSOCIATION.—The criticisms of the sporting and daily press on the attitude of John Morrissey and his partners in the Saratoga Race Association, in imposing penalties on horses that run and win at other race-meetings besides that at Saratoga, have elicited a letter of explanation, in which Mr. Morrissey states that his action was the result of mature deliberation, and in accordance with his judgment of propriety and justice. He declares that the fixing of the Long Branch meetings at a date so near those of Saratoga was an unfriendly act on the part of the former association, and that the Monmouth Park races injure Saratoga by using up the horses that run there; so that when they get to Saratoga they are more in need of hospital treatment than more racing. He also declares that he will not change a single sentence in the conditions particular, and, further, that he intends to give about thirty extra races at the meetings which commence on Saturday, July 21, and from these he intends excluding all horses that run in the United States (in any other than the Saratoga Course) after June 25.

TROTTING IN STATEN ISLAND.—On Saturday, July 14, a good attendance patronized the Seaview Driving Park, New Dorp, to witness a trot for a purse of $200, for horses that had never beaten 2:40; $100 to the first, $65 to second, and $35 to third horse, the mile heats, best three in five, in harness, and eight out of the eleven horses entered put in an appearance on the track. It was won by W. McMahon's b. m. Grace in four heats, beating Jarvis' c. g. Billy Edwards (who took the second heat) money, Swing's b. m. Harry Hill, Wood's c. g. Little Mack, Driscoll's b. g. Charley Young, Shinting's b. g. Oyster Boy, Stevens' b. m. Lady Walker, and Brown's b. m. Bessie B. Time, 2:48, 2:43, 2:44¾, 2:44. Harry H. was awarded the third money.

AN UNDECIDED RACE.—The undecided race between the two trotting horses Sadie Bell of Punxsutawney, Pa., and Delaware of Philadelphia, which the National Trotting Association had declared a draw and ordered to be trotted again, was brought on for decision on Friday, July 13, on the Wilmington track. The race was won in one heat, for Sadie Bell acted so badly in the first heat that Delaware's driver refused to start her in the impromptu race between the same horses, best two in three, was gotten up, which Delaware won in two straight heats in 2:44, 2:33¼. The purse for horses of the 2:45 class was won in three straight heats by the Philadelphia horse Sans Souci in 2:45, 2:44, 2:45.

ANOTHER VICTORY FOR MR. SANFORD.—M. H. Sanford has race ved from his trainer, Charles Littlefield, at Newmarket, England, the gratifying intelligence that his American bred three-year-old colt Start, by Glenelg out of Stamps by Lexington, won the Beaufort Stakes Handicap of 150sovs. each, with 200sovs. added if five start, and 100sovs. if a less number, 7 furlongs 196 yards, at the Newmarket July meeting on "the glorious Fourth." The entries were Tartine, 5yrs., 112lb; Chaplet, 3yrs., 112lb; Caramel, aged, 109lb; Tiber, 4yrs., 104lb; Kaleidoscope, 3yrs; First Spring, 3yrs., 88lb; Arena, 4yrs., 84lb; Cartridge, 3yrs., 84lb; and Start, 3yrs., 77lb.

A TROTTING and a pacing race came off on the New Hunting Park, Philadelphia, on June 13. The trotting-race was for a purse of $100, mile heats, three in five, in harness, between Hodge's b. g. Little Mike, Callahan's b. m. Susie, Cline's b. m. Little May, Osmond's g. m. Addie, and Meicher's bk. g. Cecil. Susie won the second and fourth heats, and Little Mike the first, third, fifth and the race. Time, 3:02¾, 3:03½, 3:05¾, 3:07¾, 3:07. The pacing race was for a purse of $100, between Dodge's b. m. Lady Thompson, McLain's b. m. Fannie, and Hodge's b. g. H. H. Lady Thompson won the race in three straight heats. Time, 2:51¼, 2:53¼, 2:51¾.

AT SUFFOLK PARK, Philadelphia, on July 12, a purse and stake of $500, mile heats, three in five, in harness, was trotted for by M. Murphy's b. m. Maggie M. and McCumsey's g. g. Sorrel Tom, and W. H. Doble's g. m. Morning. Maggie M. was the favorite at 2 to 1 before the word was given, and she won easily in three straight heats; Sorrel Tom second in each heat. Time, 2:33¾, 2:35½, 2:34½.

BROOKLYN (N. Y.) DRIVING PARK.—Wednesday, July 11, a purse and stake of $150, mile heats, three in five, in harness, was trotted over the above track, the contending horses being P. Mance's s. g. Moscow, E. Howard's bk. m. Lady Emma, and C. Dickerman's b. g. Billy Daws. Moscow won the race in three straight heats; Lady Emma second in each heat. Time, 2:39, 2:34½, 2:37.

CHALLENGE.—George H. Bailey, the well-known horseman and animal painter of Portland, Maine, has issued a challenge to match his stallion Messenger Knox, for $10,000 or $2,000, to trot any stallion in the State of Maine, mile heats, three in five, in harness, over Presumpscot Park, the third week in July. The challenge remains open for twelve days.

BILLIARDS.

PHILADELPHIA ITEMS.—R. J. Hunter is to manage a room in Wilmington, Del.....The Excelsior Billiard Hall, 323 Chestnut street, was reopened on July 16, under the management of Sam Bradshaw, who is favorably known in theatrical circles in that city.....John Flaherty intends removing from Seventeenth and Market streets to an uptown room.....Chris. Bird's room is closed for the time being.....Richard Nelms, uncle of Edmund H., and who was stricken with apoplexy about a couple of weeks ago, is in a fair way of being restored to perfect health.....The French Club, on Walnut street, has been closed up. It had a billiard-room among its attractions.

SEXTON IN WHITE PLAINS, N. Y.—On the 10th inst. William Sexton played at the Orawappum Billiard Rooms, giving Messrs. Wilson Brown Jr. and Frank Phillips, two amateurs, 200 in 400, and winning by 134. Afterwards he gave an exhibition of fancy shots.

MATHEW DENIS—Lotos & Murphy's room, Broadway and John street, this city, is to be transferred into a restaurant. Denis will leave Mathew Denis free to engage elsewhere. He has been in charge of that room many years.

HO! FOR ROCKAWAY.—Capt. James E. Boyce is about erecting a building near Remsen & Wainwright's Hotel, Rockaway, L. I., which will hold ten or twelve billiard-tables.

A NEW VENTURE.—A. R. Samuells is erecting a colossal Summer-garden at Smith and Fulton streets, Brooklyn. It is to be called the Mozart Garden, and will be opened about Sept. 1.

JOHN FRAWLEY.—This Clevelander was in town on the 14th, and reports business at the West as neither better nor worse than it should be at this season.

OFF FOR EUROPE.—William Collender, son of the well-known manufacturer of that surname, sailed for Europe last week.

WILLIAM GOLDTHWAIT.—This expert, who has long been out of sight in the extreme East, revisited Boston a short time ago.

WE MENTIONED some time ago that Arthur Chambers had had one of his fingers amputated, owing to an injury which prevented his closing the finger. The wound has now entirely healed, and Arthur can use the hand without any inconvenience.

TOM ALLEN was announced to give an exhibition at Cambridge Hall, London, Eng., July 10.

WE HAVE letters for Jack Donelson and Joe Goss,

THE WRESTLING CHAMPIONSHIP.

Murphy vs. Owens.

We have received $100 in support of the following challenge from Charles Murphy to the champion:

NEW YORK, July 14, 1877.

EDITOR NEW YORK CLIPPER.—*Dear Sir:* I herewith deposit $100 forfeit to make a match to wrestle, collar and-elbow, James Owens, champion; said match to be for $250 a side and the champion belt, best two in three falls, according to rules, and to take place in this city in sixty days from signing articles. The entire stake to be posted with you five days before the date fixed for the match, and *The Spirit of the Times* or *Sportsman* to be final stakeholder. I will meet Mr. Owens or his representative at THE CLIPPER office at any time he may appoint.

Respectfully, CHARLES MURPHY.

THE GENESEO (N. Y.) ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION held their annual meeting at the Lakeside Park July 4, and the assemblage was gratifying to the club. The most noticeable feature of the day was the mile foot-race. The contestants were James Welsh of Avon and Michael Quinn of the Livingston B. B. C., who is from Brooklyn. Great interest was felt in the race, which was for $50. It was hotly contested, and won by Quinn in 5m. 10s.

AMUSEMENTS.

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THE CELESTIAL,
THE ACROBAT TESAMBRA,
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LAST MATINEE BUT ONE. 17-1t

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OUR TERMS ARE CASH.—Advertisements to be paid for at the time of insertion.

THE CLIPPER is issued every Tuesday morning. The first, fourth, fifth and eighth pages GO TO PRESS ON SATURDAY and the second, third, sixth and seventh pages on Monday evening. Advertisements intended for the outside pages should reach us not later than noon on Saturday, and all favors should reach us early on Monday to insure their insertion in that week's issue.

ADVERTISEMENTS SENT BY TELEGRAPH must reach here not later than 6 P. M. on Monday.

TO AVOID LOSS, when remitting money by mail, we would advise our patrons to register their letters or procure Post-office orders. Make all orders payable to and address all communications to

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Also Basso-profundo and Baritone, to take the road about Sept. 1. Would be pleased to hear, with full particulars, from first-class talent. W. C. BIBB, Manager,
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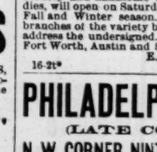

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